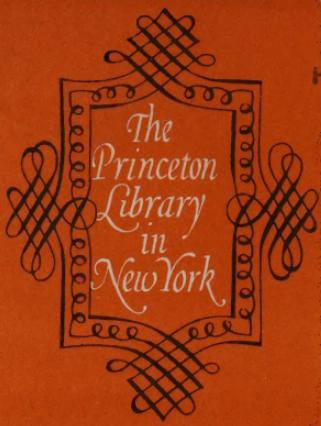
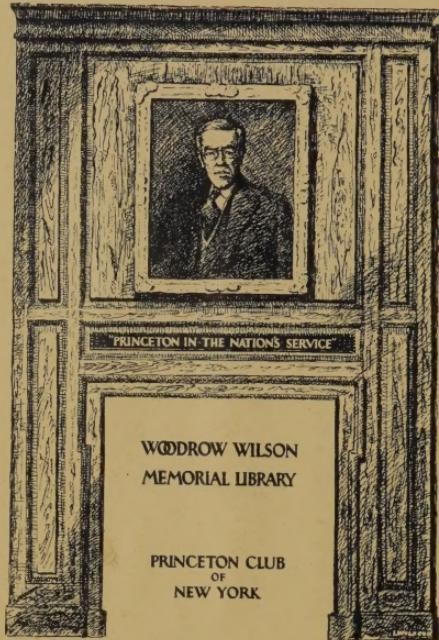


IS
THIS
WILSON?

By
MRS.
C. A.
DAWSON
SCOTT



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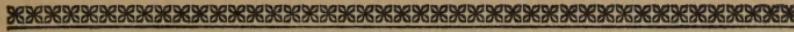
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I S T H I S W I L S O N ?

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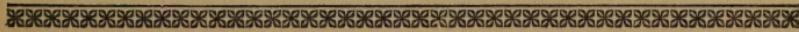
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IS THIS WILSON?

MESSAGES ACCREDITED TO
WOODROW WILSON
RECEIVED BY
MRS. C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
EDWARD S. MARTIN

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.



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I N T R O D U C T I O N

People are curiously fastidious about spirits. They have got used to other people but as a rule prefer them clothed. Now spirits are just other people who have graduated out of their earthly raiment. They were clothed with bodies which they have now shed. If you object to that and feel that they are indecent and not proper to confabulate with, you won't get much farther with them than the investigators of medicine and surgery would have got if they had confined their researches to patients with their clothes on.

Is the investigation of spirits worth pursuing? There are objections to it because it is speculative, because it is difficult, because it is liable to illusions and even dangerous. All pursuit of new knowledge is apt to be charged with all these things. Dangerous? Stars above! Is flying safe? Is anything safe, even sitting in the cellar? Hazards of exploration are nothing new. There are some connected with the exploration of spirits. But is there any branch of knowledge in which we can afford to be contented with our present progress? Is there any quest of anything worth knowing in which we can afford to stop?

No branch of knowledge seems to be complete or likely ever to be complete so far as we are concerned. Some things we do not know are in plain sight of us. A lot of others are hidden. Look at the stars. How far have we got with them? There is a big telescope

making now with which the newspaper says a good big town on Mars may be visible. With that telescope it may be possible to tell whether Mars is inhabited or not. Certainly we ought to know. We live, too many of us live, like maggots in a cheese, very conscious of the cheese, very busy with it, living off it but not much concerned with the world outside of it. The main errand of religion has usually, perhaps always, been, to make us see beyond the cheese. To be sure there are plenty of people who think that the main job of religion is to improve our cheese habits, and if that is accomplished it is not important whether our vision is increased or not, but is it culpable to decline to be limited by the boundaries of such people?

My relation with this book began with a letter I had from a lady whom I knew about as an English journalist and author, and who said that a friend of hers who was interested in spiritualism had taken down a book which she said had been dictated to her by President Wilson. The lady who wrote to me had not herself read the manuscript and had, she said, no opinion as to its authenticity as the work of Mr. Wilson except that she knew it had been written under the circumstances that Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, who got it, said it had. She wrote to me, she said, because she knew I was interested in spiritualism and was a friend of the late President Wilson, and she asked if she might send me the manuscript for my opinion.

I wrote her that I should be glad to read the manuscript if she would send it. It came along promptly and I read it, re-read it, found it interesting and asked my correspondent if the author, her friend,

Mrs. Dawson Scott, would like to have me try to get it published. Mrs. Scott said she would, and I was able to find a publisher for her. I thought that a bit of good fortune, because the appetite of the general run of publishers for books produced by automatic writing, or communications from the world-to-come through mediums, is very moderate. Such books have to have exceptional qualities of some sort to tempt a publisher to put them in the way of finding readers. It seemed to me that these communications that follow did have exceptional qualities and were well worth reading without regard to whether they came from Mr. Wilson or from somebody else, or out of Mrs. Dawson Scott's own head.

Did the communications that follow come from President Wilson?

I think so, but I do not see how anyone can know beyond the possibility of doubt. Mrs. Dawson Scott, who got these messages, tells her own story of how they came to her. She is a well known Englishwoman, a novelist and so a practiced writer. Her literary record will be found in the English "Who's Who." It may be there will be those who think these present writings of hers are fiction. I do not think that. Mrs. Scott has recorded them as facts and I believe her record.

But is it Woodrow Wilson who has been talking to her? As to that there is this much to say, that opinions of persons who are familiar with automatic writing and with communications alleged by mediums to have been received by them from departed persons are to be preferred as judges to persons who neither know nor care about the phenomena of spiritualism. People who are interested in spiritualism

will incline to believe, if they can, that it is Mr. Wilson who is talking. People who disbelieve in spiritualism and dislike it, will doubtless prefer to believe that it is not Mr. Wilson who is talking but that the whole book is an adventure in illusion.

People who know about current spiritualism know, or at least believe, that communication with the dead is common and that messages are constantly being received from them. That this is a message from the dead they can easily believe. The main evidence that it is from Mr. Wilson will be Mrs. Scott's story of how it came and the quality and detail of the messages themselves. Mrs. Scott understands these things perfectly and has had doubts aplenty of her own, but has come to believe that it was Mr. Wilson who sent the messages.

If the messages were uninteresting it would not greatly matter who sent them, but to my mind they are very interesting indeed. One can read them for their thoughts with profit whether they came from Mr. Wilson or not. He is represented as being very confident that his old friends will recognize him in his thoughts and the turn of his mind. That seems uncertain. If they want to, maybe some of them will; if they don't want to, most of them won't, and in the present state of general feeling about spiritualism the chances are that most of Mr. Wilson's old friends will prefer not to recognize him in these messages.

They are published, however, for what they are worth, and they are commended to the attention of anyone who may find them interesting reading. It is hoped that if they are widely enough diffused the places described in them for evidential purposes will

be recognized as localities which Mr. Wilson knew and had visited or lived in. If that happens it will help to identify Mr. Wilson as the person communicating.

Mr. Wilson, as reported in these messages, considers the knowledge that communication can be had with the dead of vital importance to humanity, of more importance indeed than any particular of knowledge that is accessible at this time. He believes it will affect human happiness. There is no novelty in these opinions of his. They are shared by most intelligent people who believe in communication and try to spread the faith that is in them. The messages themselves are seldom as important as the fact that communication can be had. Nevertheless the idea of what happens to us when we leave this life and the bodies we dwell in here, which a great mass of communications has imparted, is, if true, highly important to know. It is a very reasonable idea that we go on there where we leave off here, and one that makes to excite us to such spiritual improvement as we can compass in this life so that we shall have important possessions to carry with us when we are transferred.

Mr. Wilson, as reported, is pleased with his present state, greatly preferring it to the one he left. He has a good time, so he says, and is delighted to have got rid of an ailing body and to be able to go on in pursuit of knowledge without the impediment of flesh.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

I S T H I S W I L S O N ?

CHAPTER I

Not very long ago interest in psychic phenomena was discouraged in the simplest possible way—the authorities burned the mediums. They called them witches, and when they did not burn them they drowned them. This effectively stopped investigation—for a time. Canute, however, has demonstrated that the flowing tide cannot be prevented from flooding the beaches. The witch tribunals were swept away and today the person who has never consulted a medium or taken part in a séance is rare.

The public has always been interested in the occult. That love of adventure which sent man off in a hollowed log across the yeasty seas, which fits a telescope to enable him to track down the farthest star, will not be denied. He holds his life highly, risks it on all the cliffs, mountains and waterways of the earth, for he seeks something which is of more importance to him than his three score years and ten, he seeks the satisfaction of his spirit. He has been told to seek and he goes forth not knowing what he hopes for, only that he must go.

He goes, he investigates, he discovers. The Pole yields to him its magnetic secret, the hidden is made visible by his lenses, his voice reaches across continents. Where is the knowledge which he shall not seize and use? He may make laws which shall forbid him but in the end he will break those statutes and cast them aside. His desire to know is impera-

tive. It rules him to his individual loss, even to his physical destruction, but he goes forward, as ultimately resistless as the sea.

Although when he first discovered in himself a world which was more mysterious than the forest on a winter's night, he feared and as has been already said, attempted to dissuade himself from further investigation by burnings and drownings, that was merely a preliminary gesture. From the beginning he meant to know. He regarded the old persons that he tortured with an unwilling respect. They had a "power," a "dark" power and he must pry and peep until the power was no longer mysterious, until he should have conquered the world of the spirit, as he had that of the bacillus and the atom.

It is the last left to conquer.

Science, the many-sided, has the material world in charge, but in the spiritual, man may still pioneer. He sets his face towards that undiscovered land, adduces many reasons for undertaking the adventure: Is there a future life which will be an improvement on that which we are leading? Can "the souls of the departed" return to tell us what to expect? Will they if they can?

He puts these questions, but what sends him on his way rejoicing is the fact that he is embarking on another adventure, that the sources of knowledge are not exhausted, that there is still a realm to explore. "Gay go the Gordons into a fight" applies to all of us. The struggle beckons. We cannot let things happen and we not be there to take a hand. Not we—not while we are a part of this pulsing life that comes and goes under the sun.

Today the wisest of us, the most experienced, are still only pioneers. Eagerly we experiment, blundering, groping, stumbling along. We stub our feet against every obstacle, struggle through swamps, across arid plains, and always, always are we bitten and stung by little buzzing beasts. But what matter? When the day ends we shall be weary to death, our every limb will be aching a last ache, but we shall fall on sleep with the sense of successful endeavour.

If we gained no more than that it would be enough.

I have to tell you of my personal adventure, of how I came to be entrusted with this message from the dead.

For many years I was sceptical as to the possibilities of phenomena. I used the hoary well-worn arguments. Who were we to imagine that our unimportant lives would be continued after physical death? The autumn leaf did not expect to reappear in the spring, and in this great universe an individual was not of more importance than a leaf.

The human race might develop from the orang-outang to man, and from man to the super-man, but the generations passed and were forgotten.

As to psychic phenomena it was subjective. Psychology accounted for it as due to mental states, to illusion, hypnotism, hallucination, and so forth.

Belief comes only gradually. It is like the falling of impalpable dust. You do not feel it settling on your mind. The tiny occurrences that bring it are like a puff of air. One morning, however, you awake to the knowledge that the impossible has become a reality. What eventually overwhelmed my incre-

dulity was the fact that I was unable to deny that I was speaking to a living being. I recognized him as certainly as I should a friend with whom I was holding a telephone conversation. It was absurd to say, "It is no good our talking for you don't exist." He obviously did, and he was expressing feelings characteristic of him, giving me news I was glad to have. You may be able to doubt the evidence of certain senses. You may know that the sun does not rise, that the earth is turning round at a tremendous rate and that it is not flat, but when a friend speaks to you from a distance, you cannot fail to recognize him by his voice, by his personality, and by what he says . . . but mainly by his personality.

Although I had proved the existence of a spiritual world and the continuance of life, I was still, however, as far as other psychic matters were concerned, what might be described as "hard of hearing," that is, sceptical of almost everything I heard and convinced that most of my experiences might have several explanations. I approached the subject in a surly way. I went with steps that tried not to go. I doubted everything but the fact that, absurd as it seemed, certain men and women did continue after death to live and move and have being.

Absurd, impossible, yet it was true.

I had spoken to the dead during a table-sitting with friends at Birchington. I had discovered that I was able to get into touch with them, that they were as eager to talk to us as we were to listen. Beyond that little round table were people, real, live people who wished to form a contact with us. The moment when I realized this was one of the most thrilling I have known. We were aware of those

people and they of us. I sat back, amazed, awed. The dead lived. They could communicate with us.

It must be confessed that what they said was disappointing. Except for expressions of affection their statements were often confused and even misleading. We learned two things and no more. First that the messages did not come from any of us three, then that although communication was possible, there were difficulties of some sort to be surmounted. We wanted desperately to hear what these people had to say but the instrument appeared to be faulty.

Why should disembodied spirits try to communicate through a little wooden table? I do not know. But then I know so little. The science of psychic phenomena is in its infancy. I cannot tell you *why* things happen, I can only tell you what did.

We realized that these people of whom we were aware but whom we could not see, found a difficulty in tapping out the things they wished to say. We did not know why they should, or whether we were to blame, and we had no idea what the difficulty was. It was obvious, however, that it existed. What we had got by our sittings was evidence that certain spirit people had foreknowledge and that death had not changed their feeling for us.

It was exasperating to be so near and yet so far. It was as if one stretched out a hand to a friend and found that a cloth hung between, a cloth, too, which muffled his voice, making the words he uttered indistinct. To receive an occasional loving word from those who have loved and inadvertently left us, to be assured of their survival and happiness, is as much as most people want, but to one of my temperament it was not enough. I felt that if communication

were possible, it should be simple, clear, and convincing. The means to communicate should—like a Public Telephone—be at the service of all.

Anxious to help I addressed myself to the “other side.” Had I any psychic gift? If I had, could it be used to facilitate communication between their world and ours?

I was told that they, on their side, were also anxious to overcome the natural difficulties of communication. That everybody who was willing could help. Finally that I was to “write.”

Before I had expressed the wish to be of use, I had been told to write. This injunction had been repeated whenever in the course of my investigations I had attended a circle or a table-sitting. I was to “write” or, as the Indian Dajunnah said at a table-sitting held with Mr. Courtenay Arundel, I was to “R-I-T.”

As writing is my trade, I felt a little disappointed to find that that and that only was required of me. For one thing it would of course be only too easy. For another it hardly seemed as if “writing” could forward what I had at heart—the simplification of methods of communication between the material and spiritual worlds. As, however, beggars cannot be choosers, I set myself to acquire the necessary facility.

Procuring some large smooth sheets of paper I looked about for something on which to pin them. A drawing-board would have done, but I did not happen to possess one. Eventually I made use of the pastry-board. To that I fastened a sheet of paper, and sitting down before it, held a pencil lightly on the blank white stretch. The pencil was of the darkest lead I could obtain and as sharp as its softness

allowed. I waited, holding the pencil lightly and keeping my mind as empty as possible. Presently to my intense interest and delight, I found that my hand was obeying some prompting outside myself, and was making, as it moved slowly across the sheet, faint marks on the paper. I watched it going up and down and round and had much the feeling towards my hand that Alice had for her feet when she wondered whether she would ever see them again. I could not believe it was my hand which was behaving so oddly. On it went, obedient to that person who was not me, until it reached the edge of the sheet. Then it paused, expectant. I realized with a start that I was expected to replace it at the beginning of another line. I realized, also, that the intelligence which directed the movements of my hand, was conscious of my presence, that it wished me to co-operate with it. It existed and it was making use of me, and I had wished to be made of use.

What a fascinating adventure!

When I came to read what had been written, however, I was less pleased, for I found only a succession of pothooks with an occasional attempt at hangers.

So much for the ease with which I should be able to learn. After all that preparation, that joyful expectation—pothooks!

I felt like a small child during its first morning at school. Hoping for great things the reality which faced me was a grind. I was to begin at the beginning and if I persevered I might expect eventually to obtain the reward—the reward of being able for the rest of my life, to write.

I sat back and thought over the situation. If I persevered, yes, but had I the time to give to this work?

A middle-aged woman has so many calls upon her leisure . . .

Eventually I decided to devote a little time every day to learning how to write, and once I had come to this decision I worked regularly at my pot-hooks. I say I worked regularly but I am not an angel, and I was often so much discouraged by the slow progress that I made, that I sent the pastry-board back to the kitchen and tried to forget the whole matter.

That I could not do. I would be given a space in which to recover my optimism and then, gradually but certainly, the impulse to continue would awake in me. I would be vaguely conscious of it one morning and on the next it would be stronger, and so on until it was irresistible. Whether that urging came from "the other side" or was due to a striving of the human spirit, that will to succeed which has brought man from "the unconscious to the conscious" I do not know.

I suppose prayer and fasting is another name for perseverance. I worked patiently at my job and gradually the large faint curves became smaller. They eventually turned into letters that I could recognize and one red-letter morning the letters ran together to form a word! The old thrill rose from my heart and warmed me through. After all the stodging something was about to happen.

But it was very little—a word, a bit of a phrase. The person who guided the pencil was trying to encourage me, to bid me "take heart of grace." It was my husband and he, poor dear, must have acquired the patience of a seraph since he left the earth, for he had to deal with a beginner who was easily de-

pressed, quickly rendered hopeless, who was often angrily impatient and incredulous.

However, in spite of my shortcomings, I made progress. The odds and ends grew into coherent sentences, and I was able though still laboriously to take down messages. At that time I received a number from members of my family. They were kind enough to be interested in what their most unruly relative was trying to do and offered their help, both through the table and by writing. I have no doubt that the facility I subsequently attained was due, in large measure, to the practice I got with them.

Automatic writing was, however, always a slow business with me. I was glad when I found—as I did later—that I knew before my hand formed the words what it was about to write. Later still I received the thought. At first it came to me, slowly and in words, but eventually it was given without them, and I was left to fit it with an appropriate dress. Often I have sat knowing the exact meaning of a thought and unable to find the right words to express it. At times I have had to wait hours before I could find the word I wanted.

Unless I could pin it down in words I sometimes lost the thread of what I had been given. I would then ask for it to be given again and sometimes my request was acceded to, but not always. It is true I have a bad memory but the thoughts that come from outside are slippery and difficult to retain. If I do not quickly write them down they disintegrate and vanish.

Automatic writing has, however, more than the mechanical side. The mind of the writer requires to be prepared for the message and this preparation

is of more importance than the providing of board and pencil.

As a rule I sat immediately after breakfast (and woe betide the telephone fiend who rang me up between nine and ten A.M.). I had to be alone and undisturbed. This having been arranged I had next to clear my mind of vagrant thoughts.

Have you ever tried to make and keep your mind a blank? It is by no means easy. From all sides thoughts rush in and occupy the space you wish to keep empty. You push them out on one side and they, or others, come in on another. I tried various ways of ridding myself of the little wretches. I invented a pool and, keeping my attention on it, vigorously turned back anybody who came to the brink. Another time I supposed myself on a landing which had many doors. The thoughts thrust open these doors and I was kept busy shutting them. The most effectual way of clearing my mind, however, was to invent a phrase and write and rewrite it in my mind, to write it with variations and different letterings. After I had contrived to focus my attention on this foolish phrase (it was Mark Twain's "Punch in the presence of the passengere") for a little time, I found my mind clear and tidy. While I had been saying "Punch, punch in, punch, punch in the etc.," someone had swept up the rubbish and my mind was ready for outside thoughts.

Into the space thus prepared a phrase would presently drop and I would hasten to write it down. I am speaking now of those early days when I was not given the full thought, but only bits of it. I had then no idea as to what would follow. Indeed part of the fun was guessing what it might be. Would

it make sense? It did not seem possible that it could, yet—it always did. What they said often surprised me very much. The thoughts were unexpected, the statements astonishing. But if so different from what I would have imagined, that made them all the more interesting.

I kept the messages and eventually found myself in possession of a thick wad of manuscript—the first half of "From Four who are Dead." Until then my script had been dictated by relatives, two of whom I had known and could recognize, the third a man of whom I knew by repute. One day, however, when I was sitting with my Birchington friends, a stranger came to the table. He told us he had met our thoughts and come in response and that he proposed to help us to develop. His name, he said was W. T. Stead.

We were, of course, greatly impressed and delighted, and did our best to make the experiment he suggested a success, but through nervousness, failed. It was such an unexpected visit and we were so greatly excited that that is little wonder. Mr. Stead had wished to flash "Seek and ye shall find, etc." into our three minds and one of us got it but thought it had sprung from her subconscious. I then offered to take it down by means of inspirational writing and to this he consented.

I sat the next morning and presently found the full text in my emptied mind. I looked at it, wriggling about like a long worm of light, twisting and untwisting on itself. The mind contained nothing but that fiery worm and eventually I gathered courage to write it down.

At the table that evening we were told that that was what he had wished to flash into our minds.

After that Mr. Stead said he would give me a longer message—and that is how the latter part of “From Four” came to be written. I had many searchings of heart while taking down what he wished to say. I was anxious not to disappoint him and dubious of my powers. I had not met Mr. Stead while he was here. I knew he was a man of high ideals, but had not read anything he had written, indeed, at the time when he was proclaiming his belief in survival, I had been convinced that he was mistaken.

Although I had since come into line with him as to the existence of a spirit world, I had thought of him, if I thought at all, as believing many things as to which I was sceptical. I found this to be still the case. His interpretation of life and the mysteries which surround it, was different from mine—yet I had agreed, agreed joyfully, to take down a message from him. Nor was the difficulty insurmountable. I was willing to write what he said, whether or no I was in agreement with it, and he found that satisfactory. It was good practice for me and also interesting, for it showed me how reasonable, views I could not see my way to accept, might be.

I have said that I knew nothing of Mr. Stead’s writings and very little of his life and I thought it wise to retain this ignorance. One result of this was that when “From Four” was published its author was more scared than she had ever been before.

Had I “made it all up”? Had these ideas—alien to me—come from my sub-conscious? Was it all a dream—buncombe—nonsense?

I waited anxiously for the reviews. Imagine my

relief, the *depth* of my relief, when the reviewers took it as a matter of course that I should have had a message from Mr. Stead; when old friends of his recognized that the thoughts in the book were his; when an American critic actually said "From Four" was reminiscent of "Letters from Julia", "Oh ye of little faith!" I had not been able, not quite able, to believe in myself. I needed to have it proved to me that I was not inventing the message and if the reviewers had been harsh, incredulous, if Mr. Stead's friends had derided me—I should never have taken down another word. I would like David Gow, the editor of "Light," Mr. Blatchford, the editor of the "Clarion," and that unknown American who found my work reminiscent of a book I had not read, to know what they have done for me. Without their encouragement I should have been unable to believe in the bona fides of my work. I should never have written down the further message that is in this book.

So kind was the reception of "From Four" that I found myself willing to take down anything more I might be given. For some time, however, nothing much happened. Occasionally I felt urged to write and on doing so, received rather pathetic messages from people who wished to communicate with relatives still on earth. I did not find however that the wish was mutual. Some disbelieved in survival, others could not accept the fact that their relatives were in a condition that permitted of their sending messages, others said, "If they wished to communicate why did they not speak to me, myself? Why did they send the message through you?"

It did not occur to them that I was to a certain extent trained to receive messages; nor that people's

psychic gifts are different. Once upon a time people believed the world was created in the year four thousand and four. They still believe the life after death is a simple continuation of this. That a new condition may bring difficulties, almost impossible to surmount, does not occur to them. Only a deepened experience could make them realize that the subject is one of great complexity, and this experience they are, speaking generally, unwilling to take the trouble to acquire.

At any rate I met with little encouragement to send survivors the messages given me by their relatives. When they came I took them down, but did nothing further. I even supposed that in publishing "From Four" I had done all that was required of me.

I was, however, warned that this was not the case. During a sitting at Birchington I was told that before long a message would be given me by an "important spirit."

As for some time nothing in particular happened, I forgot what I had been told.

One April morning when I was busy finishing a novel and was absorbed in what I was doing, the impulse that I was wanted to "write" came to me and so strongly that, unwilling as I was, I could not resist it.

"You have sent out thoughts and they have reached me."

As far as I knew I had not sent out any for some time. Having only one more chapter of the book to write, my mind had been obsessed by it. I wanted nothing but to be allowed to "get on with my job."

However, I asked who was communicating.

"Wilson."

I considered for a moment, but, no I did not know anyone of that name.

I turned to my address book . . . Wickham, Williams, Williamson, but never a Wilson. One of my friends has Wilson for a middle name, but he is still on this side.

“You have read about me in the papers.”

“What is your other name?”

In a small running script I saw myself writing—“Woodrow Wilson.”

Well—I didn’t believe it.

I knew the name. Of course I did. Everybody did.

“It has occurred to me because it is such a well-known name,” I said to myself.

Not for a moment did I believe that my communicator was the Mr. Wilson of the Fourteen points. Why, if he wished to say something, should he say it to me? I was not interested in politics, I was not American; I had never met Mr. Wilson or anyone belonging to him. The thing was absurd!

I thought of that Biblical character who was told to bathe in Jordan when his own land had perfectly good rivers. Surely there were mediums in the United States, who would have served Mr. Wilson’s purpose—if it were Mr. Wilson—better than I.

But why should I imagine it was *that* Mr. Wilson?

It is difficult to tell a man that you do not believe he has a right to the name he gives. I temporized.

“What has made you come to me?”

“I am interested in what is taking place in the world I have left. I am interested in matters in which you also are interested, in developments which

may help to bring peace and goodwill. You are working for the things for which I also worked."

This was true enough but it is a far cry from Government Offices in America to a novelist's study in North London. I was an idealist and was working to bring about a better understanding among peoples, but in a non-political way. To my mind the literatures of the world, translated into every tongue, must force upon their readers the fact that mankind is one, the many States of a Union. Apparently the person speaking to me knew what I thought for he went on:

"The individual cannot hope to do much, but if he is at the head of a nation, the effect he makes is in proportion to the numbers for whom he acts and of whom he is the spokesman. The nation, lending him its weight, pushing with him, gives the world a little shove towards the fulfilment of those ideals which you and I share."

He certainly spoke with the voice of one who had wielded authority and, for the time being, I put my doubt aside. I was, at least, listening to an interesting talker.

"America," he went on, "partly owing to its position, partly to industrial and other conditions, and more particularly to the heterogeneous composition of its units can labour to promote ideals in a way that is impossible to countries bound by custom, tradition, old beliefs, and that are using antiquated methods. When the ancestors of the American today came from the Old World, they threw off before starting a heavy burthen. The nations from which they came were encumbered with all sorts of survivals from a less developed past. They were unable to rid them-

selves of this handicap to progress; but their children left it behind.

"Ours is a tremendous opportunity. While other countries carry a load of outworn ideas and shackling superstitions, we travel light. It is my hope that we shall not fail to profit by this fact. I can no longer take part in the development of my country but I am still interested. I look on, believing that a great destiny awaits the great nation from which I sprang."

CHAPTER II

The novel on which I was engaged was by way of being a humorous account of a visit to the sea. To be suddenly switched off to the consideration of the destiny of America, was something of a change. I was both interested and worried. My book was already late for the publishing season and it was necessary if it were not to miss its market that I should devote myself to finishing it. Moreover, did I believe my communicator was Mr. Woodrow Wilson? He certainly talked as if he were, but I was sceptical.

I decided that as soon as I could find time to run down to Birchington, where—as far as I was concerned—Mr. Stead and the others were to be found, I would ask them to vouch for the newcomer. My doubts were, of course, ungracious. I showed an entire lack of courage, but—well, I had to be reassured. Meanwhile, as I could not go until the novel was finished, I would continue to take down the messages as they came.

I took them but in a waiting mood. The first had been given me on April 14th. On the following day he said:

“I was not a spiritualist when in your world. I did not believe that the physical was followed by a spiritual life. I thought it reasonable to suppose that we had a life—one life—the life that was obvious to our perceptions and that that was probably all. I felt it was up to us to do what we could during the

few score years of which it consisted. In that belief I worked to give shape to my ideas and impress them on other people. In a sense I was right. Although the individual steps through the Door of Death from one existence to another without a break, he becomes —practically speaking—a new being with new interests. The old life has been rounded off, made complete in itself and he has no longer lot or part in it. Although he may wish to know what is happening and may learn of it from the spirits who are continuously pushing open the door of entry, the life he has left is now, to him, a vague and shadowy thing. His new existence is now again the only life he has, and he must do his best with it while it continues. There may be more lives to follow and he would be interested to have information concerning them, but he is mainly concerned with the one which he is living.

"At least he has learnt one lesson, *i.e.*, that conclusions are unimportant. It does not matter what he thought while he was on earth, for here he is and all his ideas are proved to have been mistaken. I did the best I could with my earth-life, but I worked from incorrect premises to false conclusions—yet the result was as good as could be hoped for. The individual is astonishingly mistaken in his theories and ideas, but what is of importance is not those opinions but the increase of the power to think and that comes from the exercise of the individual mind. The thinking and not what is thought is what matters.

"The possibilities of spiritual growth, spiritual development, depend to a large measure on the advance of human mentality. This advance results in the birth of finer spirits, spirits with potentialities which cannot be developed during their earth-life and

which they bring with them across from their life to ours."

As it was evident I should not be able to go to Birchington until the end of the month, I decided that I would postpone answering the question as to whether my communicator were actually Mr. Wilson and welcome him for himself.

APRIL 15, 1927

"Thank you for your welcome. I am glad to find someone who is willing to put my thoughts into words for the benefit of those who may still be interested in them. Having passed through the enlightening experience of death, having discovered—to me it was discovery—a new world, I yet find that I hold the same ideals, still think much as I did, before I acquired this knowledge, this clearer outlook.

"If you care to take them down you may expect a long series of talks with me. They should find a public in my country. Perhaps also in England; but it is mainly America to which my heart is turned.

"Let me think a little before I begin. We are no different from you in that way. We must concentrate in order to be clear."

I had wondered why he should have selected me to act stenographer—or should the word be dictaphone? —for him. Also how had he been able to find me. The world is large, larger even on that side than on this, how had he been able to put his finger on me? On the following day he answered one of my queries.

APRIL 17th.

"Having heard that you were willing to record statements from people now enjoying this more pleasant state of being, I decided to avail myself of the opportunity so kindly offered.

"Many would be glad to relate their experiences, but finding them altered in transit, altered by the minds through which they pass, become discouraged. As this happens more because of the opinions held by these minds, than by intentional fraud we are peculiarly discouraged. Those who would help us, who possess the qualities which should enable them to be of use, tamper unconsciously with the messages we send. They have come to certain conclusions and to them it appears impossible that we should give them a message that is contrary to those conclusions. Up to a point they will take down our messages correctly, but, before long, their minds begin to criticize and then to alter. A fraudulent tampering with messages would not be so depressing because in time the deceiver might repent and, turning into the straight path, take down the messages faithfully. But when the deceiver does it in good faith, believing earnestly in what he says, the matter is beyond remedy.

"We are on the look-out for minds which can accept dispassionately whatever is given, minds which shall be merely a receiving station for our 'wireless' and such are rare—at least that, so far, has been our experience."

He then gave me some instructions:

"The brain should be alertly receptive, not drowsy. It should be a cup—if you like to call it so—into which we can pour our thought; but a cup made of coherent living atoms. Life is movement and there is no such thing as stagnation, there is only change, a change resulting in fresh combinations, fresh forms of life."

APRIL 18th.

"Although you act as a cup, a living cup, you must

be clear and without colour. Our thoughts, shining through, must be the only colour.

"We have no power to reach you unless you are willing that we should. The desire for communication must be mutual, the feeling reciprocal. Those on your side who seek to enter into communication with us, too often imagine that love will make it possible. Love is a strong attraction, but law governs the universe and if attempts end in failure, that will be due to ignorance. The will to communicate may be there and also the power, but not the knowledge how to contrive communication. On our side, we are endeavouring, by study and experiment, to discover the laws that govern both us and you, your condition and our condition. It is for you to do the same. If we work at the matter from both ends we may hope for a speedy solution of our difficulties.

"I am inclined to think that all willing investigators should eventually find responsive minds. I mean by that minds capable of being used in experiment. This again would apply to people on both sides.

"We are seeking and you are seeking. The fine antennæ of the mind reach out, hoping to touch others, hoping they will thus be enabled to draw together in friendly communion. We must all, however, be prepared for set-backs. By our mistakes we learn.

"The scientific spirit appears to be composed of initiative and patience. Many fail to obtain results because they have only the former. Many so-called scientists have only the latter.

"The investigator should not let himself become disheartened if the result of an experiment, even the

most careful experiment, should be negligible. Perseverance will accustom him to the conditions of his work and sharpen his faculties; while concentration will clear his mental vision. Instinct is of more importance, that we know. It leads us along the road we should travel and as we go we gradually acquire insight."

APRIL 19th.

(I had begun to wonder whether my new friend were aware that his dictaphone was a faulty instrument, for not being strong I found his message tiring. Whether Mr. Stead were more accustomed to using people as channels of communication I do not know, but it had not tired me to accept and write down the thoughts he sent—or not so much. The concentration necessary to obtain a message is devitalizing and I mentioned this to Mr. Wilson. He said that he had noticed it, and it was so evident that he thought I might be of more use if I were stronger that I felt I must remind him that, when he was here, he himself had not been particularly strong.)

Said he: "It is often the case that an efficient brain is lodged in a feeble body. I have observed that the greater the effort required, the more satisfactory the result. Many people can only do their best when stimulated by difficulty to put forth all the power they possess.

"It would be interesting to discover the proportion of great men who have had a sickly infancy. That great men owe their quality to their mothers is now generally conceded. I do not think, however, that the curiosity of the world has yet been directed to this question as to whether really great men and women have, in the main, been sickly."

APRIL 20th.

"We do not obtain all our information as to what is happening on earth either from the newly dead, or from your minds. Certain matters reverberate and we are able to catch the reverberations.

"Cosmic events affect us, although in a different manner from that in which they affect you. We feel them as a vibration.

"Vibrations are perceived by us in the way your senses are aware of sights, sound and so forth. By analyzing, very rapidly, the vibrations we perceive, we take a further step, perceiving what vision, hearing, etc., show you. This power of vibration-analysis is equivalent to your use of the senses."

APRIL 21st.

"By dying and awakening here we have acquired a knowledge that is of immense importance to the world we have left. Some of us feel it our duty to try to make these facts known and I am one of them.

"I have noticed that everyone without exception is surprised on arrival here by what he or she finds. Sometimes, in fact frequently, they are disappointed. Some expect heaven, others are in fear of judgment, all expected something different from what they find.

"If we could make the facts of our continued life universally known, could make them known as simple, everyday facts, and contrive to give you irrefutable proof of our assertions, death, though still unpleasant, would be robbed of its sting, and the grave would no longer be a charnel-house.

"A common knowledge of survival, a universal acceptance of it would be bound to have results which we can only guess at. Those of little courage might be afraid—they always are—but every truth that has

been discovered has aided evolution. Our difficulty lies in proving to you that matters here are as we declare them to be."

APRIL 22nd.

"If you on earth could realize that for everything you have had there is a spiritual equivalent which you would find as soon as the door opens to let you through to us, you would be less troubled about the future."

APRIL 23rd.

"The interest in what lies beyond death which has of late been manifested, not only by those sorrowing for friends and relatives who have died, but also by people who can regard the matter from a less emotional though not less personal point of view, in fact by the average person, is encouraging to those of us who are keen to have the facts known. We realize that when these facts are generally accepted and the means of communication are being studied by scientific men in order that communication may be established in an orderly and not haphazard fashion, a far-reaching change must take place in generally received ideas. The state will be the last to accept survival as proved. It has to consider its vested interests; and a universal belief in the continuance of life in circumstances better but not very different from those of earth would certainly interfere with some of those. Therefore the state will approach the matter with caution and we shall have the anomaly of a convinced proletariat in countries with an established church, or at least churches holding property. The dogmas will have given place to a new order of beliefs, but empty shells will still cumber the ground.

"The priests of all religions have preached survival but in such a way that the ordinary man is prevented from giving more than a surface assent to their contention. They will need to adapt their dogmas to the growing intelligence of the race. Man has believed that somehow and somewhere the spirit passing out of the body entered a new world, but he doubted the accounts of it he received. Law-courts were a human device for maintaining order in the community; but we aim at producing something better, something which does not punish, does not hurt, something which trains a man and provides him with fresh opportunities and fresh outlook. Humanity as it develops is unable to believe that its supposed Deity is a Judge meting out reward and punishment. It hopes, it almost believes, sometimes it quite believes that if man survives it will be in order that he may be given another chance.

"What the ordinary man does not think possible is communication with the dead.

"Stories of ghosts, of hauntings, of elementals and other phenomena alarm him; and he does not stop to consider whether they spring from his imagination, he does not examine them, the evidence, but, like a frightened child hiding his face in his mother's lap, he will have nothing more to do with such matters. Only a few have had the courage to accept the fact that the unexplained encompasses us, fewer still to investigate it. They were in much the position of the first explorers. The undiscovered was such a vast territory that they could not guess its extent, but did not know what to do first, how to proceed. They were beginners. They observed, they experimented,

they tabulated results; and now that they have joined us, they continue here the work they began on earth."

(As "From Four" had not found a publisher in America, I had begun, during the intervals when Mr. Wilson was not talking, to wonder what chance he had of obtaining a hearing in his own country. He was taking a lot of trouble for people who might not be willing to listen to him. I put before him the difficulties that I saw.)

APRIL 25th.

"A house is built stone by stone, not all at once. Great changes do not come quickly. Preparations go on for a long time below the surface, and to the unseeing eye it is as if nothing were happening—yet the fireball became the earth of today, life gradually divided itself into sexes, mankind was evolved. Slowly but surely the laws of the universe operate; but so slowly that when a great change has taken place it seems to us a matter-of-course.

"From one thing is evolved the next, a stage blends with that which is coming, transition is ever with us. The body evolves and by means of that evolution the spirit is developed. Man's discontent with imperfect conditions is a factor in his evolution. When he perceives a matter could be improved and feels the urge to do it, he has taken not only a step forward in physical matters but also in spiritual.

"Glancing back along the road he has come, we can see the results of his instinctive demand for alteration and improvement. His chronic discontent serves a useful purpose. It prevents the existing state of affairs from becoming stereotyped, petrified. He breaks in order to reconstruct, he destroys in order to put up

something a little better, a little finer. For him nothing is sufficiently good to remain in its primitive condition.

"This instinct, this discontent, has brought him from the ape-man to the self-governing individual of today."

CHAPTER III

One happy morn the novel was finished and I free to go to the ends of the earth. Needless to say Birchington was my first stopping place. All was as usual even to the little sandy bay and the fine sunsets. My friends were having sittings, experiments were being made, their friends and relatives were talking to them in various ways. I told them I had a new communicator and wanted to be reassured as to who he was.

As soon as I was allowed to speak, I asked if the group of spirits could tell me who was communicating and the answer was that they would as soon as they knew. We sat every evening and, with my usual impatience, every time we sat I repeated my question.

I was told to have faith in their promise. They would let me know presently; and presently—that is to say one evening when we were sitting with our hands on the ouija-board—we were surprised by its spelling out: "Mr. Wilson is here and wishes to spell his name."

As I was anxious it should not be possible for the board to be influenced by me, I removed my hands, leaving the ouija to my friends. The previous remark had been made by a spirit who from the speed and accuracy with which he moved the board apparently knew the arrangement of the letters and figures on the paper underneath. The new control was obviously ignorant of this, for it ran the ouija from letter to letter along the lines, beginning on the left

and travelling right until it had found what was wanted. There were three lines of letters and the ouija, like a little intent animal, ran up and down, laboriously spelling W-I-L-S-O-N.

“And the first name, please.”

Again the slow intent search for the right letter.
“W-O-O-D-R-O-W.”

“Dear me,” said one of the sitters, “I did not know Woodrow was spelt in that way. Surely it should be Woodrough?”

Later they consulted the encyclopædia and discovered they were mistaken. The point to be noted is that the persons with their hands on the board did not know the correct spelling of the name.

“Why are you giving these messages?”

“My object is to declare what I have discovered to be the truth.”

“For whom is your message?”

“My message is for my fellow-countrymen.”

I leant forward and put my fingers on the ouija. “Your fellow-countrymen are indifferent to the truths which you, by dying, have discovered. Will you advise me how to break up that indifference and gain you a hearing?”

The board took its time to think over the answer to that. I imagine it is difficult for them to believe that people can have doubts as to their objective existence. “Later you will be impressed with names,” it said at last.

It certainly spelt out the word “names.” I presume, therefore, that names have been given but that I have failed to register them, that it is again a case of the faulty instrument. I can be impressed with ideas, can see pictures, can even see people in the pictures,

but names are no more to me than the babbling of waters or the rustling of rain.

As the messages lengthened and I realized that the promised names were not forthcoming, I again became anxious, and my anxiety must have communicated itself to my new friend. I should have trusted him to give the necessary evidence, should have had faith in his intelligence, but I doubted his being aware of the conditions here, and of the attitude of the majority towards these matters. However, as will be seen, Mr. Wilson had the matter in hand.

I personally was now convinced that the person giving me these interesting messages was Woodrow Wilson, the American. My faith in the genuineness of the communications given to my friends and myself at Birchington had been established some time previously. I could accept whatever I was told by that group of spirits. Reassured and happy I was now willing to place myself at the disposal of Mr. Wilson, and we forthwith settled down to work.

He directed the procedure. To begin with I cleared my mind of vagrant, then of intrusive thoughts. To myself I seemed then to be holding up an empty cup of a mind for him to fill. As soon as the message began I would hasten to write it down. It came with a spurt and I would scribble furiously. Gradually the flow slackened. I would find myself waiting and would then be impressed to copy out what I had written. During the re-writing the rough draft was improved on and elaborated. Sometimes I would even be told to write it out again, and the thought would be again elaborated. The writings and rewritings were done quickly as if the dictator knew precisely what he wished to say, and had realized that in my

first drafts I had inadvertently missed some of the points he wished made. Presumably I only perceived at first a slight sketch of what Mr. Wilson wished to say, enough to show the subject and the way in which he was prepared to treat it. This outline he filled in during the second and third writings. In the end what I had done was allowed to stand. I suppose I had put down as much of his thought as it had been possible for me to receive. That probably was not quantity, indeed I often had the feeling that there was more just beyond my reach. At the end of the third writing I would be impressed that nothing more could be done and that work was over for the time being.

The morning after I had been reassured by the band of spirits as to Mr. Wilson's actuality I received the following message:

APRIL 26th.

"Your faith in my identity having been established makes it more easy for me to communicate with you.

"I express my thoughts somewhat differently from the way natural to you. This is not, however, of much importance."

(I had found even the few messages I had received from him devitalizing. Never strong, I had had during the preceding winter an illness from which I was only slowly recovering. Mr. Wilson realized, without understanding why, that my health was poor.)

"The simpler the life you lead the better," said he. "You must bear in mind that the work on which you have embarked is of importance. When you over-exert yourself you are sacrificing not only yourself as a human being, but yourself as a vehicle of communi-

cation between the world of spirits and the world of beginnings."

I wonder what he thought I did, how I over-exerted myself, I who led the simplest, quietest life imaginable. However, as I had discovered that it is not advisable to interrupt a train of spirit thought, I took the little scolding meekly—for the time being. He went on:

"As I do not know of any life previous to that of the physical, I consider that I am justified in taking it to be the starting-point. I, in the spirit-world, can look back to my life on earth, but that is all I can see. What happens in that first life is a prelude to what will happen here. Your forms of government, your civilizations, your laws, your literature and your art are efforts on the part of growing children. They are not in themselves of importance. They are signs of development and in that way significant.

"In the spirit world man comes to his maturity. That is to say he appears to reach it, but this may prove to be only another stage of growth, of evolution. We, in turn, may discover that beyond it, lies a life at once more beautiful, happier and more to be desired.

"This may be. If it is we shall learn of it when the time is ripe.

"Meanwhile we find ourselves here, we find ourselves possessed of greater powers than when on earth and with a blessed immunity from disease and poverty, from want and pain and loss. Whatever we most craved awaits us.

"These powers are all we possess and all we need. Our physical troubles have dropped from us. Here in harmonious surroundings we are able to live for

the ideals we saw dimly while on earth but which have now become for many—for myself—their main interest."

(I was still at Birchington and that evening our most important communicator gave me a personal message.) It ran as follows: "Woodrow Wilson has come to you to use your faculty for expressing our thoughts. Work perseveringly with him and I will help you as much as I can."

(As the messages from this spirit were the most satisfactory of any I had received, perhaps the only spirit messages which were entirely satisfactory, I found these words very encouraging. The mere reception of them was helpful and stimulating. They put me in good heart for my task.)

APRIL 27th.

Mr. Wilson began the sitting with a remark which I found alarming. "I am going to tell you something about myself," said he.

"I find it difficult to take down names, dates and facts," I murmured.

He ignored the interruption. "When I was President," he continued, "my main desire was to forward the cause of peace or rather to do away with war. I admit that peace between human beings—between individuals—is hardly a possibility, but their pugnacity can be controlled or sublimated. I mean war in the accepted sense with armies, navies, etc. Although the basis of physical life is struggle, there is no need for the barbarity of war, with its monstrous waste of every sort of resource, from man-power downward.

"If from the beginning children were taught that

war is an impossible horror, they would when they came to adolescence prevent it. Governments might be overthrown, but nations would assert their right to do away with the criminal folly of warfare.

"This change in the ideas of mankind is coming, is bound to come. The far-seeing statesman perceives it while it is only a hope and works to bring it about. The signs are showing like the growth of young corn, but at present they are only sporadic. Seed must be sown, sown in young minds, sown by the schools.

"I have admiration for the belief in the Scout Movement. I think it has bigger possibilities than have yet been realized and that it will before long greatly influence, even radically change the existing system of education. The training it gives is one that the young eagerly accept. It is not pedagogic. It is opposed to and will eventually do away with the old type of schoolmaster. Its way of teaching is to cause a pleasurable reaction in the mind of the child, and that is the way a lesson should be given. Moreover it has a profound moral effect. Children are taught to keep order and show kindness to their fellows. The discipline being allied to self-reliance, insensibly teaches them self-control.

"At the present moment you have soldiers to fight for you, police to protect your property; but when the Scout Movement has been further developed, every child will receive from it a training in efficiency and civic virtue which will enable the units of the state to be its defenders and protectors.

"Man lives in the present, but he also lives for the future. Once he accepts a spiritual value, it is bound to modify his conception of the importance of mate-

rial values and change his standards. "The old order changeth, giving place to new.' "

APRIL 28th.

Receiving many messages from many spirits has taught me that if I wish to make a remark, it is as well to do so before the message begins. The spirit is already in touch with you and what you say reaches him. I wanted Mr. Wilson to realize that it was not my fault if I were not as useful to him as I wished to be. Perhaps the mild scolding I had received was rankling. At any rate I began the sitting by telling Mr. Wilson that, not only was I not strong, but that I was not young, not in fact many years younger than he had been when he died. Also that I had to earn my bread,—a duty originally imposed on all with good results but a duty which takes up time. As to living simply, I did. It was merely a case of work, health and anno domini.

"You will be taken care of," said he cheerfully.

As the word was still with me I explained that I did not want to be taken care of. I wanted to recover enough strength to be able to go on with the various things I was doing. They who are happy enough to be on the other side of death can take our troubles lightly. Of course they can. Even we find it easy to bear the sorrows of other people and the spirit folk are even further away.

"The difficulties you have outlined will be overcome before long," said he, a little less cheerfully. "I cannot tell you how, but I sense a change of conditions, a general lightening and brightening." I felt it was pleasant for him to be able to prophesy unto me smooth things—the wish would be father to the thought. Kind man, he would naturally wish me

well. I have noticed that spirits always predict a 'lightening and brightening' and that—sometimes—it happens.

"I told you because I wished you to realize my circumstances," I said, knowing that, until then, he had not done so. All was now well and he would not any longer expect from me more 'than he was likely to get.'

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

"I did not die," began Mr. Wilson, "until the need for my help was at an end. I had started the drawing together of the nations and other younger people would be able to carry on the work. I had excavated the foundations, made the plan, and it was for others to rear the edifice.

"I passed through a period during which my hold on the earth-life was insensibly weakened. Looking back I can see that it was a period of preparation. When I arrived here my rested spirit was ready for the revelation of this different, this amazingly interesting life. I had had no idea that anything was awaiting me. I had had no expectations. My mind was full of the world I had left. I found myself as it were taken up and flung into a new country and at first I looked round for the means of communication with that I had left. I must know what was taking place. Somehow I must be able to find out.

"Gradually the quiet, the peace of my new existence laid hold of me and I turned from the old. My interest awakened. Life had not ceased. I had supposed it would and I had been mistaken. My interest grew and I began to study the conditions of my new existence. This life—it was different from any dream of the future of which I had heard. So reasonable was

it, so satisfying that I was soon absorbed. I must learn about it as quickly as possible.

"As on earth we progress from infancy to manhood, here, too we learn and grow. Many very unfinished objects crowd in through the black door, but here immigration laws do not exist. All may come, they may and they must, and all are welcome. The most trifling spark of life has as much right to enter as the best and wisest. Each spirit is at home, each has possibilities of development, latent faculties, and an energy which enables it to accept with enjoyment its continued existence. The old awake to find themselves young, the sick discover they can never again be ill, the poor that they have shed their last anxiety as to ways and means.

"I do not suppose that the mind ever actually ages, only the body. Once it is rid of the fading flesh, it regains its pristine vigour. People who at first are bewildered by the strangeness of the new life, grow joyful as the realization comes home to them that they are once more young and strong. They imagined that life and its possibilities of enjoyment were at an end, whereas they are being offered fresh opportunities.

"When I realized how interesting was the new life, how many hitherto undreamed-of potentialities had been lying latent in my make-up, I set eagerly to work testing and trying out these possibilities of faculty and power. It is only lately that I have become aware of the desire—a growing desire—to make known to my countrymen the truths I have discovered . . . the truth that life is continued under conditions in many ways similar to those of physical life. While on earth I served my country to the best

of my ability. Having left it I make a discovery that I believe to be of value. I naturally feel that I must share it, that I cannot be content unless I do.

“The fact of survival, as a continuation in circumstances spiritualized but similar, is, I would maintain, the most important discovery man has yet made. I feel it not only my pleasure but my imperative duty to spread the knowledge of this fact by every means in my power. I am going to devote myself to this work and I shall call on my friends to help me.

“When on earth, promoting ideals, labouring for them with all the strength I had, I was yet working blindly. Now I know I worked in darkness. Now I have found the light. I want my new knowledge to reach you who worked with me, to pass beyond you and reach the world.

“Life is continuous. Death is only a door—a black door through which we pass. We—our unaltered selves—pass on as living beings. Having done a day’s work, we sleep, but we wake to another day. I tell you solemnly that this is the truth. I have proved it.”

APRIL 29th.

“The great change from physical to spiritual life is not as great as is generally supposed. Essentially we are the same as we were. The spirit has been covered with flesh as a garment; but it is that and that only—the body is not part of the man. ‘Allowing that,’ you say, ‘then it is the circumstances which have changed’; but neither is that true. The circumstances also are intrinsically, essentially the same. That is difficult for people, still on earth, to grasp.

“Let me try to explain the matter as it appears to me.

"The first manifestation of life was through a chemically constituted substance. Spirit, gradually becoming conscious found itself welded to this substance, with it, using and directing it, but not part of it. Spirit functioned through matter but remained distinct from it. Eventually changes took place in this chemically constituted substance which enabled the spirit to disentangle itself. Thus freed it was able to continue its journey from the known to the unknown. The consciousness which it had acquired during its time in the body, had become part of it but I see no reason to suppose that consciousness was developed because the soul sojourned in the body. I think it was a development of the spirit only and had no connection with the chemically constituted substance which, in other words, was acting as a container, and that only.

"During its period in the body the spirit manifested itself as a will. We perceived the effect it had upon matter, but I doubt if any of us realized the extent of its powers. Matter, obeying certain laws, was otherwise under the dominion of spirit. Freed from matter this Will has incalculably greater power.

"I cannot understand why, at the beginning, spirit should have appeared inextricably combined with matter. The development of the being appears to have been thereby greatly retarded. This union brought about the troubles of the individual—the anxiety, pain and sorrow of humanity. Only when released by the chemical change that is known as death could the spirit develop to its full extent.

"Our life on earth was a blind stumbling towards a hope. Here we know more than we did there, but not all there is to know, indeed it seems likely that

we know very little. That little, however, stimulates us to press on. We do this with a fullness of vigour which is a joy in itself and which it is impossible for people on earth to realize.

“They might, however, by learning of the happiness we enjoy be encouraged to put up with the discomforts of the flesh, and to live in hope and expectation. It is in order to give humanity this hope that I am speaking. Life on earth is like a day of rain with a little sun and death is a change in the weather—a change to Set Fair. I felt that I must find means to let the people who still carry the burthen of the flesh realize the truth about the world to come.”

Later that day I received a table message. I have already said that I do not find table messages satisfactory; but they are interesting as phenomena.

“Get your writing ready.”

As one of us generally takes notes in shorthand, we supposed that this meant that she was to get her book and pencil. The table, however, did not seem satisfied.

“Have your writing put into proper form for publication,” it said and I at last realized that I was being addressed.

“I’ll type it as soon as I return to London,” I said, “but there is not much of it yet—only about five thousand words.”

“It will grow rapidly,” said the optimistic table.

“Even if it does,” said I who had my own doubts and difficulties, “I can’t see any possibility of getting it published in the States.”

“You will as you progress.”

"I could not get Mr. Stead's message published there," I objected.

"This is different. They will be interested in this."

I could not believe it. The people of the other side do not realize what we are up against. "The best thing I could do," I said thoughtfully, "would be to lecture on it."

The cheerful table evidently thought that a good idea. "You will be requested to lecture. Have your material in readiness."

It is one of the most puzzling things about psychic messages that those who send them should so frequently be mistaken. What is more they do not seem to mind if they are. They produce a thousand reasons for their having been unable to foretell correctly what will happen. Generally, according to them, it is our fault in some way. I suppose it is due to our ignorance of conditions. We are working in the dark. When the sun rises, no doubt what we took for solid obstructions will prove to be only shadows.

MAY 1, 1927.

"Many people take it for granted that we know what is happening on earth. They imagine we sit as if at a theatre and look on. They cannot conceive of us as busy with our own affairs nor do they realize that we have no newspapers, no wireless and only a few spirit telephones. Yet what they suppose is not altogether incorrect. I can, for instance, obtain information from you if you direct it to me by means of a thought. The thought stretches out like a ray, a beam, and because space does not exist it reaches me immediately you despatch it. Information also reaches me by way of those vibrations which you find

so hard to grasp. You have a saying, 'Things are in the air,' and although we are not affected by air, that is sufficiently descriptive of what happens.

"Earthly events can be learned of, but not many people are interested in them. A man is not greatly interested in learning what is happening at his old school. Having reached manhood, he is held by what appertains to his immediate state. The past is over and done with. It is the present which interests him, and it is the same with us. The few who are still interested in what is happening on earth, find the information they receive to be less full than they could wish. What stands in the way is—ignorance! We do not know what makes communication difficult. At least we, of course, know that the conditions, yours and ours, are different, but we do not know what the differences are and how to overcome them. You will understand that we are investigating, making experiments.

"A pig-headed generation maintains there is no reason why communication between the man in the flesh and the man who is only spirit should be difficult. A child cannot see that it will be difficult to make a flying machine. A bird can fly—why not copy the bird?

"Can creatures who live in water make themselves understood by creatures who live on land?

"Can a man on one planet make himself heard and seen by the men on others?

"These things are coming? Yes, and so is this. A little more time devoted to it, a little more thought and work and we shall have found the way to communicate with you, to talk with you heart to heart and in the voices you know and can recognize. We

shall be wondering then, why these difficulties appeared so difficult, so almost impossible to surmount.

"If communication had been easy, normal continuance of life would have been known—not merely guessed at and hoped for—but known for certain a very long time ago. For centuries it has been half credited, wholly denied, according to the temperament and intelligence of the individual. He did not actually know—he did not know for certain. His priests made assertions but he could not feel that they knew much more than he. Why did he not know? Because the natural laws governing his life and our life made communication difficult.

"All great discoveries are made, only with difficulty, only after immense endeavour both of mind and body. Has it been easy to discover the laws that govern steam and electricity? And the inventors, the investigators, how were they treated? Were they encouraged, helped, provided for? Every bit of progress has been wrenched out of the hardness of mankind, gained in spite of the opposition of scientific men, of churches and of governments. It is a heartrending story, the individual sacrificing himself in order that the world may go forward, and the world hanging back, showing at first an immovable conservatism and later, an entire ingratitude.

"And what has been the treatment meted out to the people with mediumistic faculties? You know how they have been dealt with, how they have suffered, suffered because in them the spiritual side was stronger than the physical.

"Fortunately, though people may be able to discourage a few from using the faculties with which they have been endowed, fresh generations are

eternally bringing fresh minds into existence. You cannot prevent the sun from rising, nor chain the sea.

“Human beings are differently gifted and we do not know why one man should have blue eyes and another brown, why one athlete should be an oarsman and another a runner. So is it with the faculties which can be used to bridge the gulf between your life and ours. You have, behind your physical nature the spiritual equivalent of its qualities; you have faculties which could be trained, powers of which you are probably unconscious.

“When people say: If these things happen, why do they not happen to me? It may be that they are conscious of faculties lying dormant or faculties which are in the bud and beginning to develop. Psychic is only another word for spiritual and everyone believes he has a spiritual side. His particular faculties, those which he has in excess of his neighbour, only need to be pointed out, discovered, trained. When this is realized we shall establish in every centre of training for the young a ‘psychic’ class, that is, a class in which the gifts of every child will be encouraged to expand.

“At present the people on earth know very little about the powers of the spiritual. This is a realm beyond those which the scientists have investigated, a realm of which as yet they are only vaguely aware. The occult has for long been surrounded with mystery and the study of its conditions and possibilities discouraged. Fear, that most potent of all weapons, has been used to discourage those who would have investigated phenomena. Horrors have been invented, chains have been clanked and as a consequence, darkness has lain upon the face of the earth.

"The greater, the more important the truth, the slower man is to accept it. Difficulties are put in the way of its discovery and, later of its acceptance. This, of the normal continuance of life, which is the most important truth that has yet been discovered, a truth which has however long been suspected, even seen dimly like a city afar off, this will be the most difficult of all for mankind to accept."

MAY 5th.

"What are you doing about the publication of my message in America?"

This question surprised me a little. As a rule people on the "other side" are content to leave everything to us with a confidence that may be beautiful but does not help us over the difficulties of the way. In this case I had done nothing, for the reason that I did not know what to do. But the person giving me the messages, was not one to let matters drift.

"Show my publishers the manuscript as it approaches completion. They may be willing to bring it out."

"You must understand that I can only give you messages when you are ready to receive them. It would be no use talking into the mouthpiece of a 'phone if the receiver were still in place."

(This was the case at first. I had to prepare myself to wait. Later, however, I found thoughts coming at any time I was at leisure. In fact I several times got out of my bath in a hurry and ran to write a message down, lest I should forget it. I think that as Mr. Wilson got to know me better, he found a way of jerking off the receiver without waiting for me to do it.)

"The multitude will always be indifferent to certain truth. Their daily lives suffice them. It is the few, those who rise from the ranks of the multitude in order to conduct the affairs of the nation, whom it is necessary to convince. They need the larger knowledge, the wider outlook, they need them in order that the laws they make may be made with understanding and breadth of view.

"The mass of the people accept without questioning. They are preoccupied with the business of living. Only here and there is to be found the man able to take on more than the job which supports himself and his family. This man will have an extra store of energy, that is to say vitality and it raises him above his fellows. He is the keystone of the arch, the leader in a flight of birds, and he is born, not made. His natural buoyancy brings him to the top and once there he, if he is a worth-while fellow, labours for those he has left behind. He seeks to ameliorate their conditions, to get old laws altered and new ones framed. If the toilers will co-operate, their chance of increased comfort will be greater, their labour less strenuous, and he will seek to impress this on them; in fact his life will be one long struggle to contrive an Easy Street for others and reduce waste. In olden days the fighter was a killer, now he is the promoter of goodwill.

"Yet so contradictory are the laws of life, that the very restlessness which produces disorder is what prevents any state of affairs, however good in themselves, from hardening into ultimate deadness and actually becoming harmful. The struggle is continuous. The good tends to decay or fossilize and is only prevented from becoming bad by another good arising,

struggling with it and throwing it aside. What was good yesterday is bad today and must be destroyed.

"On our side of the dividing line that struggle, that necessity for change, is not so noticeable. On the other hand, the struggle continually going on on earth serves a purpose which concerns us as much as you. Because of it, humanity advances. Each generation is a step—tiny, if you will—but still a step—in advance of the one before. Of late this advance has been noticeable. Highly developed individuals are coming over in increasing numbers, people who, on arrival here, do not need any particular training but are able to go on where they left off. People bring over, undamaged by the accidents of life, all the knowledge, efficiency and wisdom they may have acquired during their sojourn on earth. Their powers, owing to disease or other physical weakness may have appeared to fail, but that was not the fact. They have not failed, but have merely retreated into the background, become latent, and once the hampering flesh is cast aside, these powers are revealed in their pristine vigour.

"You perceive then, that the struggle on earth, which is like the flowing of a river in that it prevents stagnation, is of importance to us. It develops the human being, and when he gets here he finds a fresh urge, for he is born to a vitality which helps him to make the most of what he has and what he finds. The better, the more highly developed the material sent from you to us the finer the ultimate result.

"If men knew this, knew that the Jewish legend of the Promised Land was the vision of a seer, that he prophesied what was to be, surely they would be greatly encouraged?

"The more they learn, the greater their efforts, the more ripe and ready will they be for the life awaiting them across the dividing line.

MAY 6th.

"Those who seek first the welfare of their fellow beings, seldom find time to consider their own advantage and it is as well. Honour is the cry of the crowd, which is of one mind today and another to-morrow. The rewards of your world are things we leave behind when we go through the Door, and the memory which remains in the minds of men is not of the individual as he actually was, a faulty, striving man, but a conglomerate of qualities, a deduction from actions known to them, a deduction which cannot take into account innumerable actions unknown to them.

"During a man's life on earth he conceals most of his thoughts and many of his actions. Natural desires being considered reprehensible, it is only to be expected that he should satisfy them and deny having done so.

"Artificiality of any kind does not obtain here. Having lost the flesh, we have at the same time lost the systems of morality which were concerned with it. That this should be so, is at first bewildering to a newcomer. Standards are changed, values are different; and as there is nothing to conceal, there is no longer any need for secrecy.

"We no more need food than does a unit of hydrogen. We do not create life. We have no possessions and can neither rob nor kill. In fact, having been released from the needs and functions of the body, we are at last free to live.

"I do not know whether spirit can be termed an

element. It is apparently unchangeable and indestructible, and in that resembles an element. It was combined with matter, and being released it appears incapable of further combinations. I merely put forward a tentative explanation, but it is for scientists to study the matter and pronounce."

MAY 7th.

"The majority of mankind finds sufficient interest in life to be willing, even glad to carry on. Daily work, home affections, daily pleasures, the interests and occupations of simple folk, content them, and bring them quietly along the road from birth to death. It is those dowered with unusual gifts who do not as a rule find satisfaction. These people are restlessly aware of their talents. They consider themselves valuable members of the community, and feel that their gifts should be used for the betterment or pleasure of others. Too often, however, the public is blind to the importance of this special ability, these unusual talents. If their possessors have not strength of character as well as talent they are likely to be more than disappointed, in fact to become hopelessly embittered. The man with character will not understand why his gift is put to no use, but he will not allow apparent failure to sour his spirit. Though he wait in darkness, he will keep his faith. He will say, 'This that I possess has its uses and someday it will be used.'

"If people could know that their time on earth is one of preparation, they would contentedly sharpen their tools on life's whetstone; they would do the little that the blindness of their fellow mortals permits them to accomplish; and they would keep a serene mind. Yes, if they knew for certain, that

their abilities would be put to the fullest possible use in the world beyond the grave.

“Here everyone is encouraged to develop their possibilities and the encouragement comes from within, from the urge of their splendid vigour. Infinite time is theirs. Hunger and disease cannot break in to spoil and limit their output.

“Let all who are conscious of unusual talent take courage, preserving their gift, exercising, developing it. In the life to come it will bring them a greater happiness than they can imagine, the happiness of intense, all-round fulfilment.”

MAY 8th.

“I appreciate the efforts you are taking to take my messages correctly and, on my side, am doing my best not to tire you. I find this method of communication interesting. I was in search of a mind suited to receive what I wished to say, when I heard of the experiments being made by the French scientist. That led me to you.

“In our world news is, as I told you ‘in the air.’ If we turn our attention in any one direction we get the vibrations of that particular subject. We thus learn without newspaper help what is being done. We learn it absolutely and accurately.

“Much of what is being discovered on earth is a reflection of our natural powers. Wireless is a clumsy form of the way in which we gather information; bird and aviation flight simulate roughly our far swifter movements. I forget how long Ariel took to put a girdle round the earth but we should leave him standing and then some.

“Not that it is necessary for us to move, but we sometimes wish to. It is amusing to do many things

which are not necessary—even as you see a bird walk when it can fly.

“As I said before, yours is the world of beginnings. What you fancy you have invented or discovered by the sweat of more than your brow is here a matter-of-course, a part of existence.

“Our thought-ray is not affected by distance. We do not need an instrument to transmit and receive it. As you form in your mind an image of me, I perceive it. It is another matter, however, to reach you, for a multitude of thoughts are seething in your mind. They are like boiling water and I have to get past them.

“That is the main difficulty of this sort of communication—the pre-occupation of the receiver. Our thoughts are clear. We have one at a time. We simplify them in order that they may be strong. The clear, direct, simple thought forms a powerful ray, and we can direct it where we will. Many a thought from one of us sinks unrecognized into a human mind and what you believe to be ideas of your own, springing up on receipt of a message from me, are often only further thoughts of mine which you did not receive at the time I sent them but which reached you later.

“While I am giving you this series of messages, you may often receive these belated thoughts and, I am afraid, may be unable to distinguish between meum and tuum. After all we have much in common and though we work in different ways we work for the same ends.”

MAY 9th.

“You have been attracted by this light which is dimly, but as yet only dimly, penetrating the clouds and fog which obscure the human outlook. By your

help I hope to clear off some of the cloud, but the fog is a different matter. It is generated by the human mind. Those who live in it term it mysticism, romance, the twilight of the gods. They talk of its softening influence, its beauty and artistic value, the comfort obtained from it by the weak and the suffering, those who are not strong enough to face reality.

"Those who pass the Door of Death leave subterfuge and diplomacy behind. Each has only his reality and that reality cannot be concealed. It is obvious to all. Our hearts have no secrets and our acts throw no shadows.

"The truth is for all. No one can be sheltered from it. No one is too feeble to face it. In it we live and move and have our being. Mankind has little sense of its importance, and this is our difficulty when attempting to talk through a medium. Mediums, whether in trance or out of it are unwilling to pass on the whole of what they receive. The consequence is that they represent us unfairly. Not perhaps any longer as angels with wings and harps, but certainly as saints. What is the value of a sainthood which gives no idea of the original? Or the man who sat for the portrait?

"I say to the world: 'Do not believe that when you come through the Door of Death you leave behind your individuality and the characteristics which distinguished you. The flesh is gone but your faults are faults of the spirit which revealed themselves in actions done by the body. Your spirit is not altered by death. The battle still lies before you. The only difference is that you bring to it those powers of which, as they were lying dormant, you were unaware, and that you awaken here to fresh hopes and

greater energy. These hopes are given by your independence of fleshly needs and the encouraging conditions of your new life."

MAY 10th.

"I have realized that you doubt my being able to prove my identity."

(I had doubted his being able to prove it to the satisfaction of the people of America. He might intend to, he might do all he could and yet might not succeed.)

"Anyone reading what I say, anyone, that is, who is familiar with my writings or who knew me intimately, should recognize that these messages are from me."

I.—"Those are only the few. The others, the majority will probably say that I, who have read nothing of yours, was familiar with your writings and thus able to fake these messages."

W. W.—"In my own time I will supply you with adequate proof. But we will leave that for the moment. After all, we must bear in mind that before long we shall discover how to get into easy communication with people on your side. When that happens individual proofs will be unnecessary for everybody will believe in the possibility of communication, all that we shall have to do will be to establish our individual identity. Part of the trouble at present is that people will not allow themselves to admit that they have recognized their friends. They cavil and carp, afraid of being made to look foolish and magnifying the powers of the sub-conscious. What they need is to 'have faith as little children.'

"Yet I must admit that having 'faith as little children' has led men to accept and even stake their lives

on the truth of some very strange concepts. However, a man's belief is conditioned by the stage of development which he has reached. He accepts the creed which he is, at that time, able to grasp. He outgrows it and accepts another and in time outgrows that. Each religion he accepts is more spiritual than the one he has discarded and each, to his mind, is the ultimate truth.

"Ultimate truth!"

"We, on this side, are also seeking it, but we—some of us—have learned that we can only perceive as much of it as our development permits. A short-sighted man cannot see the stars! The man with the strongest telescope cannot see how life is lived on the nearest planet. But let us have patience and persevere. As from short sight we grow to the telescopic view, so eventually we may hope to come to full knowledge.

"Even here there are some who cling to old ideas and travel trodden roads. Others, disappointed to find heaven still afar off, expect a revelation; but the majority are content to go forward in the faith that they will receive what they are fitted to receive, with glimpses of what it is at present beyond their power to grasp.

"Our world may be full of divergent ideas and theories, for human beings do not change their nature by changing from one world to another, but, at least, we cannot persecute those who do not agree with us. Not that the will is always lacking, only the means—'live and let live' being not only a precept here but the law."

MAY 13th.

"Your knowledge of the United States is so vague

that it is difficult to impress you with definite ideas concerning its present position, its hopes for the future and its possibilities.

"I feel that my country is the coming arbiter of the world's destinies. After Rome—England; and after England—America. The greatness of ancient Rome and modern England was due to their being men of every race and colour. This mixture gave those nations a many-sided mind, in which every conceivable talent was to be found. Welded together they produced a type, which could be spoken of as Roman or English, but the type was a composite. America is a still greater mingling of stocks, also the people who were originally responsible for that mingling were in a higher stage of development than those who created the Roman and the Englishman. That means that the benefits America will derive from the admixture of races will be approximately greater. Each nation which sends her children to the States is adding their different gifts to the sum of what she already has.

"People are apt to forget that mankind is always moving towards fresh development and that racial combinations produce variety. That all things work together for good is true. A proof of it is to be found in the fact that the descendants of criminals who have been banished to penal settlements make excellent citizens. Nature works like yeast and out of the bubbling dough she makes good bread.

"In the States the elements are still fermenting; but I look forward to the time when the mass shall have taken on shape and density; when, having settled down, it shall be able to apply its composite mind to the development of its units—their development by

means of improved conditions, and even more by a very different sort of education from that which is at present used and thought to be good. It is my hope—more, it is my belief—that America will revolutionize the wasteful methods of the old world.

“When she realizes that man’s life is not bounded by the material world, that he has only a brief span of existence on earth, and that, while there, he is preparing for a life of expansion and greater happiness beyond the Door of Death, she will put her house in order.”

MAY 15th.

“The more homogeneous the nation the less variety, and consequently the less of that clashing out of which must arise the super-state, a state founded on laws perpetually becoming more equitable. The river of life would quickly turn into a stagnant pool if it were not flushed by freshets.

“I admit that the first generation of immigrants is generally pretty crude; but, in this matter, if the state takes a short view, that in its way is equally crude. Suffering from the conditions obtaining in his ancestral home, the immigrant may hold subversive ideas, but give him time, let him realize the chances of his new life and he will find his level. It is the long view that appreciates the value to a nation of the admixture of racial stocks.

“Rome also fought against the admixture which was to prove her strength. She made things as hard and difficult as she could for the plebs. But she grew powerful not in spite of, but because of the fresh life-blood for ever pouring into her veins. In the end she became effete through misgovernment and went under because she had no longer the horse sense

to make use of the incoming hordes of hardy folk. Instead of combining with them and renewing her youth, she fought them and went down in the battle.

“Man may stay on one spot for a hundred or even a thousand years, but he is essentially a wanderer. If something upsets his notions of what is his due, it is ‘bundle and go.’ Other animals have their fixed times for migration but not he. When the fancy takes him he is off and away. He is the most restless animal on the face of the globe. It is as if he knew that he has here no abiding place.

“We know that he is right, that earthly systems all carry in them the seeds of disruption, that there is no such thing in government as fixed law. A strong will may establish—say the feudal system—that is to say a system in which each man has his appointed place; but history shows that the one strong will is succeeded by others equally strong and guided by different opinions. These will break up the first, and man be once more on the move.

“The Pilgrim Fathers left England in order to escape a tyranny. They only organized another. Their sons look on life with such different eyes that you might think the struggles and privations of their ancestors had been in vain. But that is not so. What the Pilgrim Fathers brought to the New World, were certain spiritual qualities—strength, stubborn endurance, a blind love of truth. Their truth is not our truth. Their theories and ideas have no longer a hold on the imagination. No, they have faded like a printed cloth which has been long exposed to wind and weather.

“Opinions are valueless. They are never the same—yesterday, today, or tomorrow. Time blows them

away as a breeze carried off the morning mist. What remains after the dissipation of fogs is the solid earth. And what remains to us after our cherished opinions have been proved to be mistaken are the qualities which, being part of us, we take with us when for the last time it is a case of 'bundle and go.' ”

MAY 17th.

“My message contains internal evidence that it is genuine. As long as there remains on earth one person who knew me intimately, there is proof that these are my thoughts, that it is I, Woodrow Wilson, who am using you as a means of communication with the world I have left.

“I appeal to those who knew me best. They cannot help but recognize me and, in honesty, in spite of any prejudices they may have, they should admit that they do. I call upon them to support me, to forward my efforts to obtain a hearing, to affirm that this message comes from me.

“I beg my friends to do this for me because I feel that what I have to say is of so much importance. It means, I hold, no less than the making of a new heaven and a new earth. This further knowledge, this fact of the continuance of life in circumstances similar, but spiritualized, to those of earth, is the most important discovery mankind has yet made. I earnestly ask the assistance of those who knew me, those who were my friends, to make it known, to make it universally known.

“This knowledge, once it is accepted, must inspire rulers and law-givers, representatives of the people and the people themselves. It must inspire them not only in America but in all lands. At present, because the nations are living in ignorance of the future await-

ing them, there is a lack of proportion in everything they do. The life of the body bulks too largely, the life of the informing spirit is to most a matter of slight importance. The reverse should be the case.

“From where I am, physical life appears not so much unimportant, as less important. I see it as a beginning, much what childhood is to the individual. Its toys, its treasures, its games are the occupations and joys of the nursery. When it comes to maturity they will be laid aside.

“The child may play contentedly, yet it looks forward to the expansion of life which will come when it leaves the nursery. Mankind, however, does not yet regard the next world in that light. What I want to tell America—and incidentally the world, but America first—is that it is right to play earnestly at its nursery games and treasure its toys but that it should also bear in mind that all its different businesses and occupations are no more than that. Take them seriously but do it knowing that larger interests and satisfactions await you when the earth-life is over.”

MAY 19th.

“The Americans will have an empire—I’m using the old word—compared with which those of the past will seem like an agrarian colony or a provincial town. It is when thinking of the future expansion of the States that I feel anxious they shall obtain enlightenment with regard to the life of the spirit.

“If they receive my message and allow it to become a part of their consciousness, a matter present in their thoughts and at the back of their actions, it must influence the expansion that I foresee.

“Because a man has realized that ‘brief life is here

our portion' and that a finer and longer existence lies before him when he has come to and crossed a certain bridge, that need not prevent him from living his immediate days with all his heart and strength and getting the last ounce of zest and interest out of them.

"The day-dreamer will always live in his dreams and we shall always have him with us; but I am speaking to ordinary, everyday people and I say that a clear view of the Land of Promise should not interfere with the enjoyment of the present but rather add to it. We tell you that certain fears are groundless, that you may expect to have a good time in the future and that whatever the worrying anxiety of your circumstances, it will not be long before that anxiety comes to an end. Lastly I can affirm absolutely that the affections last from one life to the next, that they are never cut asunder by the shears of death.

"When the affection is real, you will meet again those relatives, friends and companions for whom you feel it. Most affections being the result of contiguity and circumstance, in fact a make-do, are short-lived. When that has proved to be the case, the individual has the opportunity to make new friends, find fresh companions. Mind you, I do not say, you will make fresh 'ties' for we are free and must be sincere, consequently there can be no ties."

CHAPTER IV

Although it is clear to me whether Mr. Wilson is talking to me or addressing the world in general, it may not be to the reader, and therefore it may be advisable to give myself the honour of a capital Y. Up till now this has not appeared to be necessary, the context serving to elucidate his meaning.

Some time previously my husband had given me a series of symbolic pictures, which had taught me that I was able to "see." For example he once showed me a thin line—and, hanging on it, a few bright cowslips. These were drawn together and tied into a bunch. Opposite them was another line on which hung dark pansies (*pensées*). These were also drawn together and tied in a bunch. Being unable to guess the meaning of the bunches of light and dark flowers I went to a sitting and asked for information. I was told that the cowslips represented the sitters and the pansies, the group, on the spirit side, of their friends.

When, instead of being given a thought, I am to "see," I know beforehand. At least I generally do. There have been occasions when I was concentrating and the pictures began to rise before me without my having known they were coming; but this is not usually the case.

How do pictures come? Well—it is different from going to a gallery and looking at a canvas! Sometimes you are given a glimpse of the whole, but more often you are only shown a small part. For instance,

in one of the pictures Mr. Wilson showed me later, the first thing I saw was part of a leg. I perceived that it was clothed in dressed skin. Then my "seeing" spread up and down and I saw the rest of the man. A figure—lying down—something in his hand—the something steamed—it was a cup containing a hot drink. The picture continued to build itself up and I saw a fire, other men, snow, a wind-screen of stunted trees or bushes, a small camp, etc. Suddenly the scene was blotted out and I was looking at a figure lying on the ground wrapped in a skin robe beside a dying fire.

How do I know that I am not imagining these pictures? For one thing, I have been told the pictures were being "given me," and, for another, they are wholly unexpected and curiously clear. The pictures Mr. Wilson gave me are of places I have never seen, but if I had the good fortune to go into the houses and rooms he made me "see" I should recognize them. He gave them, not to amuse me, but in the hope that his friends would be able, from my description, to recognize them, and that they would be accepted as proof that it had been he who was giving the message.

MAY 21st.

"If my message is accepted there must follow a shifting of values. Old responsibilities will be thrown on the scrap-heap, to be succeeded by new and different ones.

"In order to make the best of both worlds, it follows that your attitude towards the one you are in will unconsciously and gradually alter. Man has become man because he is able to adapt himself to altering circumstances. When it is borne in on him

that the material treasure he amasses is of no use to him on our side, whereas he takes with him the immaterial treasure of his mind and spirit, his attitude towards the first must insensibly change. He will see money as something desirable but impermanent, and the amassing of it as an amusement rather than as the business of life. Lucre is not filthy—I mean, it need not be—but it is not as important as we had thought. Human life, even if people succeed in lengthening it, will never be as long as spiritual life. Perhaps it is in the proportion to our life that childhood is to maturity. I say 'perhaps,' for I am only guessing. I know that we are not troubled by the sense of passing time; that we do not age; in fact, as I said before, that we are like a unit of hydrogen. It may even be that this life of the spirit is indestructible. I do not know. At any rate, man must presently realize that this long life, this life of maturity is more important to him than the little worried struggle of the man who represents life on earth."

MAY 22nd.

"From a mind full of words You select the ones best fitted to express my thoughts.

"These words, in which people express their thoughts, are sufficiently clumsy. They give rise to misunderstanding and mistake. We no longer use them. It is difficult for You, I know, to imagine wordless thoughts; but if You will think it over You will perceive that words are unnecessary.

"People use words to communicate with one another; but already they have begun to perceive that they are able to communicate without them. Are words necessary to convey an emotion? You may say

that a thought is less alive, and that is true. Yet you are able to send thoughts to persons at a distance. You call that telepathy. Imagine your telepathic power increased a million times, so that you can carry on an exchange of ideas with persons at a distance as clearly and succinctly as if you were sitting together and expressing them in words; imagine this and you will have an idea of our much simpler method of communication. Thought has form and whereas, like yourselves, we are often mistaken in our conclusions, they are at least sincere. We are unable to think one thing and say another. You suppose that life in the Temple of Truth would be unpleasant, but the reverse is the case. When truth is obvious, it is accepted as a matter-of-course.

"On the other hand, our ideas are limited by the extent of our knowledge and experience. This is greater than yours, far greater, and we are constantly increasing it . . . increasing our knowledge, deepening our experience. If ever I feel discontented it is because, perceiving how much there is to learn, I realize how little I have acquired. What encourages me is the pleasure I take in gathering and applying it, the spiritual growth consequent on what I am doing, and the apparently limitless time at my disposal. It can hardly be said that knowledge is power. As on earth power is strength of character functioning spiritually.

"By 'power' we mean something different from what you do. At least generally—though in the end it comes to much the same.

"We cannot interfere with the individual either to imprison, torture, kill, or, on the other hand, bestow wealth, honours or fame. Our power is the expres-

sion of our personality. It is recognized by others and can be used in any way that may be required. It is not easy to explain to you how, but if you will bear in mind that this life is the same as yours, that it is your life expressed spiritually, you will get some idea of the uses to which power expressed through personality can be put."

MAY 23rd.

"Thought transmission would appear to be instantaneous and not affected by distance. It may seem to you that I am at your shoulder watching you write out the ideas I am pouring into your mind, whereas in all probability I am far away. The space between is, however, non-existent. Your call reaches me wherever I may be and my answer pierces at once to your mind. Near or far is the same to us.

"Do not think of us as composed only of thoughts, for that would be to ignore our affectional side. You might as truly suppose us to be only emotional. The balanced whole of the spirit consists of affections and ideas—much as the human being did. You should conceive of us as human beings who have been freed from the troubles of the flesh, as beings not born to growth, maturity and decay, but who are each a whole—which whole can only advance in spirituality, which is otherwise fixed. As you know, we appear to ourselves solid and you appear to us as shadowy, ghostly creatures, but our solidity is different from that we had on earth. I have not had a scientific training and therefore am unable to tell you how it comes about that our spirit forms are solid, but when on your coming over I take your hand in greeting, you will be unable to believe it is not of flesh and blood. This, of course, is the

reason why, when people awake in this world they are unable to believe at first that they have died. The resemblance to what they have left is more noticeable than the differences. That, however, is only while they are still more flesh than spirit. Their new garment fits them loosely for a little. The similarity is bewildering and the appearance before them of old friends adds to their confusion of mind. 'I'm not dead,' they say. 'I can't be, for there's Joe, there's Betsy —' whereas Joe and Betsy have preceded them for, possibly, a score of years!

"Only gradually do they realize that death is a bridge and that they have crossed it from one life to another.

"They look back to find that they cannot retrace their steps. Across the gulf is a world of shadows, and these shadows are the people they have left. It seems to them so strange as to be almost unbelievable. Those people, who were so busy about their affairs, so strong, so much alive—yet they are now merely shadows!

"At first the change is to them so great and so interesting that most of them are entirely occupied with it —like travellers who have reached a new land! But sometimes they have left behind people so exceedingly dear that they cannot settle down to their new life without making an attempt to reach them and communicate with them.

"They find them without trouble, because the thoughts of those loved ones reach them; but although they find them they are seldom able to make them realize their presence. The spirit sends his longing thoughts into minds that long equally for him and gets no response. That is the bitterness of death.

"To communicate through a medium is not alto-

gether satisfactory. A man wants to speak directly to his wife or sweetheart. At the present stage of our development—*on both sides*—this is not generally possible, but it will come.

“It will come as surely as telephones and wireless have come on earth.

“One step more—the adaptation of differing vibrations—and those tunnelling through the mountain from opposite sides will meet.

“We shall look back then and wonder why we have been so long about so simple a matter.”

MAY 24th.

(I had had an amusing letter from my publisher suggesting that if Mr. Wilson wished to arouse the interest of the public he should give them NEWS . . . “tell them something they did not know before.” The echo of this was in my mind when I began to concentrate for the usual message. Apparently it “got across,” for the message began:)

“The mention of ‘news,’ Personal pars, personalia generally, has started a train of thought. We cannot give you the sort of evidence you want because our minds no longer deal with those matters. Knowledge does not consist of the gritty dry-as-dust atoms which you collect and term education. With regard to these facts it is true they have a germ of spiritual significance. That only is perceived by us. We have to do with ideas, and consequently dates, names, places are meaningless. I can give you ideas, but my mind has rid itself of the useless lumber I once carried around. Behind that rubbish lay the idea and that is all I now have.

“From what I give you, my friends should be able to recognize that it is I who am speaking. How

else is a friend to know me? Surely he does not recognize me only by my physical appearance, by whether I've a wart on my nose or am clean-shaven? That would be as foolish as to say he recognizes me by the clothes I wear. Anyone who has been in contact with my mind should be able to recognize me in these messages as certainly as he would my voice on the telephone.

"You who knew me are accepting a heavy responsibility if you refuse to acknowledge it is I who am speaking. By so doing you are delaying the spread of this great truth—that life does not end at death, but is continued in much the same fashion after we have doffed the cumbersome garment of the flesh."

MAY 25th.

"I am going to talk about our life here in order that people may be able to realize it better. You know already that what was the spiritual inwardness of your life on earth, is the whole of life on this plane; but I don't think people realize that everything they did on earth has its equivalent here."

I—"Athletics?"

W. W.—"The equivalent of those various ways of exercising the body, those games and other trials of strength and skill, is here the testing and use of our—to you—extraordinary powers. We apply them and obtain the same sort of pleasure that you get from cricket, rowing, motoring. We continue to test these powers, using them, experimenting with them, combining them with those of others, and we are ever more and more delighted with the results. We imagine that presently we shall reach our limit, but no, still more possibilities unfold. We have never got to the end of them. Perhaps we never shall. We

don't know, and this ignorance adds spice to the adventure.

"On earth an athlete is finished by the time he is middle-aged. Only too often he has damaged his heart, or some other part of the clumsy machinery. At all times he can get to the end of his strength, can be tired out, done in.

"Here he cannot injure himself, he is never tired, and as he does not age, he is able to go on developing his powers and by so doing discover in himself ones he did not know he possessed.

"You will say that I am holding a brief for this life; but what else can I do? It is infinitely more pleasant and at the same time more interesting than was the life on earth. Heaven as pictured by our ancestors with its choral singing and its sea of glass was a mighty dull place. In fact, the individual—and mankind is made up of individuals—would have found it impossible to put up with. No wonder Lucifer started a revolution! If the next life had been anything like the old people said, modern men would certainly have engineered another.

"Why should people imagine that the life beyond cannot be an improvement on what they know? Any student of history must realize that mankind coming through the ages has come *up*. He was a blood-thirsty savage; he is now to a certain extent educated and he is, speaking generally, humane. The change in each generation is small, but it has brought him from the gorilla to where he now is. It stands to reason then that if life is continued, the improvement that has been taking place for millions of years will be maintained, that you will go from good to better.

"I do not know what life in earlier stages, in by-

gone ages, was like here. I think that probably spiritual beginnings were on a par with physical beginnings—both crude; and that we have developed here, even as man has done on earth. I am not, of course, talking of the last few thousand years, but of beginnings . . . of early man and of the spirit world in those days. Also I suppose that the main factor in our development will have been the arrival of men, always a little and a little more developed spiritually. Throughout the ages, I understand, there have been advanced spirits, born before their time, and when they arrive here still before their time, but of late the number of these has increased very largely. It is almost as if the advance in mechanical devices, having made human life easier, having given it chances of wide reading and of what might be called universal knowledge, has increased the possibilities of spiritual development. However it has come about, the fact is apparent—we have lately had an influx of highly desirable immigrants.”

MAY 28th.

In reply to my question as to why Mr. Wilson was unable to impose his Fourteen Points on the peace-making nations, he said:

“You cannot give the world anything for which it is not ready. I was in advance of my time and therefore could not count on sufficient support when it came to a question of revolutionary reform based not on political notions, but on ideals. To those who stood behind me and gave me their help I shall always be grateful. They were not numerous enough, however, to enable me to carry my points. What I did was to start people thinking and working for the ends I had in view. I was a pioneer in spiritual

ideals—and the path I broke is already becoming a road.

I—"But this message with regard to the future life—do you think the world is ready for it?"

W. W.—"I can at least give it and have it recognized by my friends as from me. I expect those whom I have known intimately to say, 'This is from Woodrow Wilson. We are able to recognize his way of thinking. The phraseology is English, because the person acting as a channel was English, but the mind is the mind of an American and it's an American whom we know intimately. Once they are agreed that it is I who am speaking—through you—to the people who made me their President; once they have told those people it is I, all that remains is for America to consider my message.'

"I am still the old pioneer that I was. I am calling out to America, telling it of the things I have found. I believe that the tale of these things will find many hearts and minds to whom it will appeal as reasonable. They must all migrate to this new land, and they will like to know beforehand what are their prospects.

"Here and there people will accept my account because they have unconsciously expected the future to be as I describe it. They will mention it to others who will say, 'It stands to reason,' and, 'Well—he certainly isn't asking us to swallow anything out of the way. This is common sense.'

"Gradually the news will spread among ordinary people that a reasonable account of the life to come has been received. I can hear them saying, carefully but in a fairly satisfied way—"Why, it sounds all right ——"

"Other messages, equally plain and straightforward, will trickle down from us to you. It is merely a matter of finding the channel. These other messages will support my cheery account of the future life, and if the old people cannot break through their solid crust of prejudice, early belief, inherited superstition, at least the young are always with us. They will listen and consider.

"They will say, 'What could be more natural than that man should evolve spiritually as well as physically? That he does is the only satisfactory answer to "the questions that perplex us." ' This continued life, giving every soul born on earth, every dim flicker of life, a chance, a chance he cannot miss, is the only plan we have yet been shown, that is worthy of a Supreme Intelligence.' "

MAY 29th.

"Mankind is one kind, but this the nations do not yet realize. They believe in one god; worshipping him, it is true, under different names and with differences of creed. It is the same impulse to worship, an impulse which, however, with the gradual passing of fear, is becoming more critical and less simply ardent. The questions asked by the youth of today are no longer easily answered, and the new freedom has made young people unwilling to accept the beliefs that contented their elders. This questioning is good. Out of it should arise a leaner, more credible faith, a faith that can unite instead of separating humanity.

"The nations at the present moment are at that stage which comes to every human being, every colony, every people—when the irresponsibility of youth is giving place to the sober acceptance of manhood with its obligations. The fermentings and explosions

are nearly at an end and the wine ready for bottling. The countries are almost ready to settle down, to beat the sword into a ploughshare, accept a loosely constructed union of states, to do away with passports and other barriers, in fact to grow up.

"The main difficulty lies in the fact that the great family is like other families, *i.e.*, not all at the same stage of development. The more broadly educated peoples are practically ready for free union, but there are still a large number of less developed nations. The hope for these is the immense advance that has taken place in the knowledge of vibrations, in aviation, in science generally. Travel has been organized and made easy. Less educated peoples are being visited. We are at bottom nomads and we wander about taking with us our culture, and that touristing makes for the advance of the race as a whole. Instinctively the less advanced peoples absorb what the visitor brings. 'The foreign devil,' say they and think at first in terms of devilry and witchcraft, but they speedily grow accustomed to the marvels of science.

"'The old order passeth'; what is more it is passing bloodlessly. The tribes, accepting the new knowledge, cannot help but develop. They, too, must presently grow up—and growing up will mean for them, even as for us, the recognition of human brotherhood, and in due time the desire for a government which shall seek not only the welfare of its own people but of all peoples.

"It is my belief that the nation with the greatest store of primitive energy will take the lead in seeking the welfare, not of itself only but of every nation. Nature is careless of the individual and sacrifices him

to the race. America will go one better. She will realize the importance of the individual—the individual all the world over . . . and will be the first to pull down walls and join forces for the universal good.

“I realize that for her to do so means a change of values, a shifting of centres; but this will come with spiritual growth. It would be hastened if she could realize that the earth-life is an appearance which masks reality, that the in-dwelling soul alone is permanent and therefore alone is of importance.

“She has imagined that the soul will pass into a state of vague beatitude or ghostly drifting, or that it will die with the body. Once she grasps the idea of a future life of happy activity, of progress and of intense interest, her outlook, her attitude, her point of view, everything is bound to change.”

MAY 31st.

“The growth of a people resembles up to a certain point that of an individual. The nucleus develops and matures. Sometimes it dies, but that is not necessary. I think its life and death depend upon the soul of that nation. For it has a soul, not a racial soul but one that comes into existence, much in the way, I suppose, that life appeared in matter. Fortuitous circumstances brought that about; and the growth of the community results in the growth in it of a soul—a communal soul. This is not the sum of the souls that make up the community, for it is impersonal.

The human being is composed of cells, each of which has a separate life; but the soul of the human being is not the sum of those lives, although it exists because of them. So with the soul of a nation. A

unit cannot realize the possibilities of the national soul and I am only a unit; but it is because I feel that these possibilities are great beyond my knowledge that I am trying to reach the units and give them this message from the life beyond death.

Health in the units should result in health of the national soul and this new knowledge, changing the outlook, giving people a reasonable faith and a prospect of future happiness, should promote the welfare of mankind. At present the world is filled with embittered and disappointed people. If these people could know for certain that their tribulations are due in a large measure to the fact that the gifts of which they are conscious, have a spiritual rather than an earthly value, they would be content to wait in hope. What are the few years of earthly life compared with the timeless condition which awaits them—that timelessness which will give them the opportunity for full development?"

JUNE 1st, 1927.

I was concentrating for Mr. Wilson's message when bits of nursery rhymes began to drift into my mind.

"This is the house that Jack built."
then:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow—
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

I had begun to wonder whether the old rhymes had a political significance about which I was to be enlightened, when some more words came.

“Larkspur,
Bourgeoning blue!
From where in the grass I lie—
A tall dim ghost
Against the blue of the sky.”

“Yes—” I said, surprised to receive this, “but I don’t want to write verse. I should like to go on with our job.”

Then came:

“I was always rested by poetry when I was on earth. It has the loveliness of landscape with something added, something sharp and vital which comes from the creator’s mind.

“Here the pleasure we take in beauty of different kinds is even keener than it was when we were with you. We no longer need to turn to it as a solace; but it still stimulates us as something above us and beyond us, something which proclaims the as yet incomprehended greatness of the human spirit.

“What is this that man can make? Does any man understand the beauty he is creating? What is the reason for it and to what will it bring us?

“The sense of beauty, though often rudimentary, and more often very crude, appears to be part of the human bag of tricks. I suspect it is also part of the animal—I’m thinking of those birds who for no practical purpose carry off bright objects. Being ignorant of the workings of the animal intelligence, we cannot determine whether this love of bright and shining things, in a word this love of beauty, is universal. If it were, surely it would indicate that the beginnings of art are pre-human, that the appearance

of a Shakespeare was prophesied from the beginning, from the first stirrings of life on earth.

“It is curious that what is one man’s meat in the innumerable expressions of art should be another man’s poison, that each should not be content to admire what appeals to him and ignore the beauty to which he is blind.

“In this world we look, each one of us, for what we need to stimulate our fancies and refresh us after labour. The artist is free to create in the way that is natural to him. He does not have to produce in order to earn a livelihood or support a family. Commercial art, therefore, has no *raison d’etre*.

“I often think of the phrase—‘All ye who labour and are heavy-laden.’

“We labour—those who wish to—but it is not so much labour as occupation; and no one is heavy-laden. We only labour when it gives us pleasure so to do, when the desire to accomplish has arisen. When a man comes to the Bridge, he lays down his burthens. Who crosses from your life to ours, he travels light, for what he will need is in readiness for him. He only brings with him his gifts, his affections and the sum of the experiences which have made him what he is. That sounds a good deal, but it packs into a very small grip.”

JUNE 4th.

“I am not a dreamer but a practical man. What I have inadvertently discovered I want to pass on, not from any personal motive, but because actual knowledge of the life to which mankind is hastening would be of inestimable value to each individual. Look on this message as a book of travels, written not to relate

the adventures of the travellers, but to give information to those who must make the same journey.

"When a man knows what he will be doing, and where he will be the day after tomorrow, he makes his plans accordingly. He would be a fool if he didn't.

"I appeal to the common sense of mankind. The plan of continued life with regard to which death has enlightened me, seems only what I might have expected, what every reasonable being could guess would be the next stage.

"If you will consider it in an unprejudiced way, you must realize that the human spirit is too powerful, too important, too conscious to be obliterated because its material envelope falls away from it. To think otherwise gives an importance to the envelope which it cannot carry. Imagine the body as a real envelope, the envelope of a letter. That letter, enclosed, invisible, is yet the reason for the envelope. When you tear open and throw away the envelope you still have all that is of any value, *i.e.*, the letter.

"Most people believe in the continuance of life. Continuance of a sort. Instinct has given them the belief; but it is vague, formless. They do not know—because they have not been authoritatively told by more experienced people—that earth-life, which seems to them a whole in itself, is only one stage of a journey. We ourselves do not see the end. We know there is this further stage, because we have proved it. Life is not snapped out as if it were an electric bulb. A door opens and the light appears. It vanishes when the door shuts, but it is still there behind that closed door.

"I do not know what eventually happens here.

The timelessness of our condition, our interesting occupations and general content cause us to carry on without bothering to investigate. Most of us, that is. Others, I know, are seeking for further information. I am inclined to think that even as earth was one stage—the stage of beginnings—so this which seems to me the stage of adolescence—will be followed by another. That other as yet I am unable to imagine. I am not indeed thinking about it. I am more anxious for the enlightenment of the world I have left. If I can accomplish that I shall be at leisure to turn my attention to other matters—but that first and most.

“It is astonishing that it should be so difficult to communicate. The history of humanity shows that man has triumphed over one difficulty after another, that he has done it in the face of priestly and other opposition. And he will triumph over this.

“The future life! A man saves for his old age. Indeed a great deal of his effort is directed to making a provision for the period when he may be helpless and feeble and unable to work. In fact from the time he is a young man, he looks forward and plans. If he knew that after death his life would be continued normally it stands to reason that he would plan for it, prepare for it. Old age would still be a bugbear, but he would look past it into the shining future. He would provide for his body and at the same time and even more carefully he would seek to develop his spirit. Old age is not a particularly pleasant period of life, but it does not last very long; whereas this new life appears to be of considerable duration. I cannot wish anyone long life on earth; and it is unnecessary to wish him a long life here, for it’s a sure thing.”

JUNE 6th.

"The thread that runs through these messages will be apparent, when they can be read as a whole. You need not distress yourself as to the reception they will get. I have faith in my friends.

"For a man to affirm ideals, aloud and in public, as my position enabled me to, makes a definite beginning. Those coming after find that so much has been done, *i.e.*, that, as it were, the land has been bought on which the building is to be erected. Theirs to set in place the stones I quarried. When one man is exhausted, others will be ready to take his place. When the task is accomplished, mankind will turn to yet bigger things, and perhaps wonder why it should have been necessary to erect this building. By then it will seem to them very small.

"The ideals for which I stood will by that time have become a matter-of-course.

"A man, however, need not be discouraged because at the end what he has accomplished is little. The first coral insect has no prescience of the green island which will be the eventual result of his building. He builds in ignorance of the larger result.

"The earth evolves from tiny beginnings and what the beginners designed is different from what comes to pass. That may be true of more than we think. It may be true of everything.

"God may be evolving.

"It is possible even that man, evolving, may be divine. Nature experiments with chemical combinations and—to go further—with life. It is eternally scrapping forms, doing it with a ruthlessness which seems to us terrible.

"To what end are these experiments being made?

"Are they made only in order that the surviving forms of life shall be those most suited to their environment? Will they always change as the environment changes?

"The form is only the covering of the life, the garment, the skin. The methods of Nature may appear wasteful; but in reality they are of a wide and scrupulous economy. It is to the onlooker as if the main chance were all in all. Everything else is sacrificed to it. A blind force. Blind and unconscious.

"Consciousness is the supreme quality of life. Perceiving that man possesses it and that Nature is without it, I am more inclined to think of man as divine than of Nature as divine.

"Not that what I think on this baffling subject is of importance. I am only putting forward ideas which have occurred to me. I fully realize that my immediate job is not to philosophize but to try to get the world to accept this news of the continuance of life."

JUNE 8th.

"I am anxious to avoid making dogmatic statements. I may think that since I have been here I have obtained enlightenment on many matters, learned the reason for things that puzzled me when on earth; but I have to bear in mind that while there I fancied I knew and understood a great deal more than was actually the case—and it may be the same again.

"At least I know one thing for certain. I know that life is continued; also that it is the continuation of the life that I lived on earth, but a continuation on a wider, more satisfactory scale. This I have proved.

"More than that it is not necessary for me to know at present. I am investigating other questions;

but though I may have found answers which seem to cover the ground, it would serve no special purpose to recount them here.

“People are warped by the circumstances of their earth life. Although they eventually rid themselves of the body, they still possess the spirit which inspired the actions of that body. They come over without hope, without expectation; as it were, ossified by having had to endure excessive conditions of one sort or another.

“Very few spirits are ready, on arrival, to take up their new life. They find that a period during which they gradually become adapted to their new environment—a sort of chrysalis time—is necessary.

“They change from death to life—but slowly; they come gradually to the realization that a new chance has been given them. They, in fact, discover themselves.

“It is as if a man had been born—not to helpless infancy, but with his full powers. He tries them tentatively, establishes the fact that he possesses even more than he at first supposed, that their possession is a promise of more. Presently off he goes, anxious to take his place among his fellows, share the life which he perceives going on around.

“Each bit of new life, that is to say each spirit, takes from the common stock what is necessary for its happiness; and the stock, being spiritual, is not thereby diminished.

“Looking back on the struggle for existence, I cannot sufficiently admire the quality shown by human beings. All suffer and in their sufferings exhibit a patient endurance, a courage, a simple acceptance of

desperate loss and unhappiness: traits which leave me marvelling.

"I admit the shortcomings—the irritation, brutality, wrong-doing and wrong-thinking, the weakness, fear, greed and cruelty, but the sum of these things compared to that of the good is like comparing an ant-hill to a mountain.

"Man is worthy of the pleasant life awaiting him here. The quality he shows proves that he is. But worthy or not, he is going to have it."

JUNE 9th.

"The human being craves to take possession of what others consider belongs to them. In reality no one has a right to any sort of property but everyone believes he has. Instinctively one man envies and tries to take what others have seized. When a piece of property is snatched away from its possessor, people, if it is done legally, admire the thief. He often becomes a so-called rich man. His family are respected because of the junk he has contrived to grasp and retain. When, however, this snatching of material goods is done illegally, the man is branded as a criminal and sent to prison. The impulse behind the actions of the two men is largely, but not altogether, the same. The one does not regard himself as a robber, the other knows he is an outcast. The one believes that what he does on the stock market is legitimate; the other is without this pleasing illusion. There is no reason that the children of the one—other things such as home-care and careful training being equal—should not make as good citizens as the children of the other.

"I am stating this for two reasons. Firstly, because I take a longer view, than my countrymen, of

the results of immigration—for I consider that the descendants of the poorest, most undeveloped, most scoundrelly type of immigrant, are capable, in the better conditions offered by America, of becoming excellent citizens. Secondly, that you may realize that when all men lose their material possessions the financial magnate and the common thief will together become as little children. In this world where a man's only possessions are those of his heart and mind they will begin again on an equal footing."

JUNE 10th.

"When I said that the impulse behind the actions of the financial magnate and the common thief were largely similar, I draw a certain distinction. The one is conscious of doing what he believes to be wrong, the community having forced on him that consciousness. He thieves in defiance of that knowledge. The other believes he has a right to take whatever by his superior acumen he can get.

"In other words, the spiritual side of their actions is different and the two men will consequently be differently affected. On reaching this world, however, the magnate will become as conscious of the inner meaning of his actions as the thief has always been . . . and by then the actions are over and property no longer exists. It no longer matters. It never has mattered as much as the thief supposed and it has always mattered more than the magnate supposed.

"Here thief and magnate are in the same position. They have, when on earth, occupied themselves in much the same way, and you might think they would look back in distress; but I have noticed that his past rarely interests a man to any great extent. He may be willing to admit that he has not acquitted himself

well, or not as well as he had supposed, but he will think there are excuses to be made for him—as indeed there are—and he will turn from the unsatisfactory past to his new life—his life of fresh opportunities. He may wonder that he should have spent his time on earth in so futile a fashion; but he is generally too much intrigued with the possibilities of the present to do more than say to himself resolvedly that he will not be so foolish again.

“And certainly he cannot be foolish in the same way, but he may still miss many of the opportunities that offer. You on earth have not the monopoly of short sight and mistaken ideas. You bring with you prejudices and convictions and it takes you a long time to change them.”

JUNE 12th.

“Without men being aware of it—that is to say, as a general rule—there is a good deal of desultory communication between the two worlds, yours and ours. If an inhabitant of your world thinks of someone who is, as you say, dead, that thought flies to him like an iron filing to the magnet. When it reaches him, he knows who is thinking of him and, also, if the thought is succinctly expressed, what the other wishes to tell or say. He receives with that thought an impression of the emotion that person is feeling. The two things are, however, distinct, and we often receive only the latter.

“For our part we also think of you and yearn after you. But though these thoughts and feelings reach you, you do not often recognize their origin. Many a thought which a man believes to be his own has been dropped into his mind by a friend on this side. Many a longing after those who have gone on has been

stimulated by a reciprocal longing. Instead of angels you entertain thoughts and longings unawares.

“Even this sporadic, hardly recognized communication has its uses; but it is not satisfactory. I do not doubt that in time you will become more aware of it and more alert to perceive it. As the knowledge that life is continued after a normal fashion spreads, death will become, even to those who do not believe they can communicate with us, less of a barrier. They may say to themselves, ‘I know I can’t get through to him,’ yet they will also say, ‘There’s no harm in trying.’ They will experience a certain warmth and comfort which should cause them to realize they have been in touch—or if they do not get so far, at least they will have had the sense of spiritual relief.

“Those who wish to send thoughts to their friends should be careful to formulate them properly, or even to utter them aloud. It is not that we hear what is said, but that utterance does away with that vagueness which is characteristic of so much so-called thought.

“The word gives form and the thought behind the words then takes on shape. We are thus able to gain a clear idea of what you intend to convey. On the other hand, when into your minds drops the vision of someone who is dead, all you do is to say, ‘Do you know, I was thinking of So-and-So today.’ That and no more. You do not realize that So-and-So was trying to get into touch with you. If you did you would listen with the ears of the spirit for what your visitor might wish to say and, if your memory were poor, you would write it down for your comfort when he was no longer present.

“Most of the messages from your side and from

ours are, naturally, simple assurances of continued affection. The old, ever-fresh words rise from our hearts as well as from yours—‘Dear, though we are parted one from another, my affection has not changed. Time and absence cannot affect it. A little while, a little more impatient waiting and we shall be together again.’

“Once an individual has accepted survival, many of his problems are automatically solved and his questions answered. Indeed, normal survival, the continuance of life as it is known to us, is the only solution that is reasonable.

“Matter changes from one form to another, but the atoms composing it remain intact. Life changes from spirit functioning through flesh, to spirit functioning without flesh. In the flesh it enjoys sensation and spiritualized sensation is emotion. Would mankind feel so deeply and strongly and lastingly, if life only lasted three-score years and ten, if affection did not survive through death into a further life?”

JUNE 13th.

“Although our communications with you are for the most part sporadic, people are sometimes able to communicate with us directly. This faculty will, we hope, gradually become more frequent. It is evidence of development and shows the direction in which mankind is evolving.

“If found ordinarily in normal persons this faculty would solve our difficulties. The fact that it has begun to appear is evidence that knowledge of the future life is desirable and that there is no insuperable barrier. Those arguing against this knowledge have no answer to the fact that men about whose

sanity there can be no doubt and of whom no one can say 'he has hallucinations' can perceive us as they perceive the other people about them.

"Mankind has to realize that we are objective."

JUNE 15th.

"Looking back it is difficult to remember that life on earth had so many pleasant hours. The crying of those in trouble drowns the music, and one is inclined to think of the universal struggle as more painful than perhaps it is. Moreover many people when they get here regard the past with an exaggerated dissatisfaction; and turn eagerly from it to the present. No doubt their feeling about life on earth has some effect on us.

"Life that is mainly struggle is bound to be unsatisfactory, for all cannot win the prizes. It may develop admirable qualities but the success of one presupposes the disappointment of many.

"That material struggle has no counterpart here. What we do is from choice and not because if we did not 'get on with the job' someone would go hungry.

"You might say that if such a state of affairs prevailed on earth no one would do any work and indeed they might not do what is termed productive work. But when the ordinary man is free to do as he pleases he is seldom idle. He works away at his hobbies, is occupied and happy; whereas the really lazy man idles whether or no he has responsibilities. Nevertheless responsibility is, of course, an urge—one which we do not need. Here no man is his brother's keeper, no one has a family to support. We are all independent units, doing what we desire to do, and urged to do it by our superabundant energy.

“I, for instance, am doing my utmost to get this message received. I believe it to be of importance to the world at large and therefore I am keen to get into touch with those who can help me. One of my immediate difficulties is that people on earth do not know when people here send thoughts into their minds. At the moment I am trying to reach certain of my friends in order that when these messages are made public they may recall that about this time they found themselves frequently thinking of me. If they will ponder the matter they must admit there was no ostensible reason for them to have thought of me. If instead of saying ‘Coincidence’ they will go a step further, they will perceive that the thoughts did not spring from their own minds—that they came from me. If then they will consult each other they will find that this has happened to all of them. They were going about the business of their daily lives and for no reason that they knew of I was frequently present with them.

“And that is the truth.

“I came deliberately and whenever possible engaged their attention. Their minds were full of shuttling thoughts and I dropped in one whenever I could, impressing on my friends that they had, as they supposed, ‘thought’ of me. I was endeavouring to raise up a body of testimony for the support of this book.”

JUNE 16th.

“In stressing the importance I attach to this message from the other side, I repeat myself and I do it deliberately. I am so much in earnest that I would, as they say, ‘move heaven and earth’ in my effort to impress on the reader that it is I, a man

still alive though he has passed the barrier of death, who am relating to him my experiences.

"Everyone should know that death stands for the end of a chapter, but not for the end of the book. We turn a page and the story continues. And for each of us it is the same story. We make new friends but here are also the old. New affections spring up in our hearts but the old remain. What interested us on earth has its counterpart here. Nor do we particularly notice the essential difference between our life here and that which we formerly led, *i.e.*, the fact that it is the spiritual equivalent of what we once had and did.

"That is, however, easily explained.

"To you the word spiritual has a thin, bloodless sound; it suggests mist and a general unsubstantiality; but, as I have already told you, matter has to us only a vague appearance while spirit is definite.

"There is much on earth that you cannot see and it might be thought that would have prepared your minds for the fact of continued existence. Can you see electricity and gas? Can you see telegraphy, telephony, wireless, even sound? No, you see the machinery that deals with them, but not the things themselves. Yet the machine is only of secondary importance. It makes these invisible things useful to you, allows you to realize that they exist.

"I have thought that man's ingenuity will eventually produce machines which we shall be able to use, and which will force you to accept our reality as objective. Some day a telephone will be invented suitable at one end for our rate of vibration, and at the other for yours. Then, when a man gets here, his first reviving thought will be to let his people know

that he has arrived. I think that when that happens funeral expenses will be reduced to a minimum.

"From the telephone is but a step to a broadcasting machine from which spirits can speak. The earth will then hear—will be unable to avoid hearing—what we have to say."

CHAPTER V

JUNE 18th.

"The more you hear and read of me," said Mr. Wilson, "the more easily you will grasp the thoughts I am sending. A sympathetic interpreter does the work better than one in ignorance. Also, if you are acquainted with my ideas, there will be less likelihood of your interpolating your own. Had it been possible I would have liked you to read my books and speeches. I do not know why you find it difficult to procure them."

(But I was determined to learn nothing more about him until the messages were finished. It was best that the conduit should know nothing of the water that flowed through it. As far as possible I would safeguard the messages from misconstruction. People should not be able to say, "She knew this and that.")

"I did not succeed in persuading America to accept my ideals while I was president, but I did not give up hope even at the bitter end. When I found myself here I was surprised and, at first, like so many others, disappointed, even dismayed. It was only when I realized that I might be the means of sending over this information that I became entirely reconciled. Here was something I could still do for my country, something not visionary, but practical.

"That governments should be allowed to think of those they govern as pawns to move about on the political board, that they should sacrifice the unthink-

ing multitude and set it to soldiering when it should be doing productive work, shows we are still semi-savage in our notions. As more liberal ideas permeate the masses, the people will refuse to be exploited by their governments, they will refuse to slaughter one another, and will examine the actions demanded of them from the angle of their essential brotherhood. Americans are the blood-brothers of every nation. Their fathers and brothers are left behind to live on in the lands from which they have emigrated. No political necessity should persuade these people to make war on their kith and kin. Arbitration is possible and the nations must agree to arbitrate.

"I have thought it would be interesting to estimate the harm done by each war and contrast with it what has been effected. A book on the subject from some analytical mind might be of use.

"I look forward to the time when armies and navies will be done away with and we shall go to museums when we wish to see how soldiers used to be dressed, the weapons they used and all the horrible contrivances that man has invented for the slaughter of his brother man.

"Try to imagine what it will mean for humanity when this has come to pass. The money wasted on armaments will be used for productive labour. Debts incurred by governments will gradually be paid and taxes will consequently be reduced. The burdens shouldered by the populace will be lessened until they hardly exist.

"I know these things cannot come to pass at the waving of a wand, that they are a matter of political evolution. Everything man has wrested from the universe in knowledge and progress has been gained

by hard endeavour, by a faith which at times despairs, but always pulls itself together again and struggles on. I also know that although the wheels turn slowly, they never stop. The tremendous evolution goes slowly on without ever coming to an end, and try as we may we cannot see very far. Neither you there nor I here can see very deeply into the future. Man has had to realize that there was no sudden creation, that long ages passed while he was developing from unconsciousness to manhood. That slow development through the piled-up generations was not all. The individual also developed, and his development continues on this side of death. We know not whence we came nor whither we go; but we can see that this life is an improvement on the last and can deduce from that that we shall go from strength to strength.

"The fact that as far back as we know human beings have sacrificed themselves for what they believed was a truth, for what they held to be an ideal, proves that these things are more to them than bread or fame, proves also that physical life is not of very great importance.

"If it were they would not be willing to sacrifice it for an idea, a theory, a belief. They would set a different value on it, regard it as the most precious thing on earth, but they don't. You are continually being given instances to the contrary.

"A person falls into a lake and the father of a family jumps in to save him and loses his own life. People say it is heroic of the poor fellow, but in reality it is an act of faith. He does not believe that he will lose his life, his physical life. But then neither does he believe that that physical life is all

he has to lose. He does not consider the matter at all. He acts on an unconscious impulse.

"You protest that it is hard on his wife and children, that it shows how lightly he takes his responsibilities, but consider the matter more closely. He has risked their livelihood because he feels that such things are little and unimportant against some greater prompting, that they have to do with time while his urge comes from what is beyond time; that earthly life is a momentary personal thing, poor and small, and that he is called on by a Force inside himself to act impersonally. The urge is stronger than the man and he obeys blindly and simply.

"His obedience to that urge is a proof that he is part of a whole greater than the individual."

JUNE 21st.

W. W. to ME—

"You are concerned because in talking you repeat the thoughts I have given you. I send them and because they interest you, you discuss them with others. It is as if you and I had been talking and you carry on the conversation with the next person you meet."

JUNE 22nd.

I—"I would rather not read your books and speeches until this message is finished. People might say I had taken these thoughts and ideas from them . . . that is, of course, if they are there."

W. W.—"The ideas I had while on earth are, to a certain extent, the same as I have now. My standpoint has not so much changed as developed. The fresh knowledge I have acquired has enriched my mind and broadened my outlook. Yet, although I was fumbling and groping, much that I upheld has

proved to be right, or perhaps I should say, has proved to be on the right lines. This message is an advance on what I then held and said, but it is recognizable as coming from the same mind. My friends should be able to declare that it comes from me. I spoke in ignorance, but I now speak with knowledge. I have experienced, therefore I know.

"I would say that previously I had an instinctive unconscious knowledge and that I built on unseen but real foundations my theory of life and that that theory has been justified. Perhaps everyone has the same unconscious instinctive knowledge. My knowledge has now become conscious and if I did not try to pass it on I should be hiding my light under a bushel. It is my duty to pass on this knowledge. If the world accepts it, well and good, if not I shall have done what I could.

"Ideas may appear to be revolutionary when in reality they are changes which have been long in preparation and are inevitable. In some instances, permeating the multitudinous mind, they are accomplished peaceably; more often when they come to a head they bring trouble and disturbance. The old order passeth, for that is the law of being. This law is always in operation and when people do not realize what is happening they do not resist. Whether they resist or not, however, the end is the same.

"Man, as soon as he began to think, began also to suspect that his little span of years was not all he might expect. He has always been arrogant and, I think, with good reason. He felt he was worthy of something better than his hurried struggle with Nature, his physical limitations and that subserviency to material needs which is expressed by the

phrase 'earning a livelihood.' The priests—that is to say the more advanced thinkers in primitive society—affirmed his hope; but those early thinkers, although they admitted the likelihood of a continuance of life after death, did not guess what that life would be like. Ideas of punishment, of a deity who interfered with the individual instead of leaving him to work out his own salvation—in fact what I might call nursery ideas—obsessed their minds. The priest represented the nurse, with power given by the parent, power to educate in manners and morals, the parent, of course, being the local deity. What the nurse ordered the children to believe was coloured by her own limited education, her narrow point of view. Nevertheless it contained, smothered and hidden, a germ of truth.

"Man swallowed the truth with the rest. In this matter the usual nursery regimen was reversed and he took the jam in the pill. Now he is growing away from nursery rule, learning to think for himself, learning to differentiate between what has come to him from the vindictive mind of man and what is likely to be the truth.

"And the truth is greater, infinitely greater, than the inventions which obscure it.

"The sooner it prevails the better for the world. I work to that end and I am not alone in doing so. Countless spirits are trying, in the way which seems to each most likely to succeed—to make known the truth that life is continued, a life which resembles that lived on earth.

"We who are living that life, do not know what is in store for us, what is to follow. We have come

so far. Our condition is a substantial improvement on the earth-life. Surely, then, we can go on in faith.

"I believe that our short physical life, our longer existence here, are parts of a whole, bits of what is at present beyond our ken. We see only a little way and beyond that a mist hides the landscape. The fact that it is hidden should not make us think it is not there. All simple souls walk in faith—and therein they show that they are wise as well as simple."

JUNE 26th.

"I am trusting to the recognition of my friends—indeed I am anxious to get my message published before any more of them join me here. Every one of them who, on reading it, will testify that it is from me, by so doing will add to its value as a human document. I cannot give the sort of evidence that is demanded by people who set a value on facts. That this value is fictitious will be recognized by thinking people and it is to those people that I appeal. It is they who must eventually form public opinion, and they should insist on the importance of thought on its personal quality and on the consequent possibility of people being able to recognize its origin.

"A man should be known to others by the quality of his mind, not by the shape of his nose.

"I admit that for this to happen presupposes a certain standard of mind. People prefer to use only their physical eyes and ears, yet the deeper recognitions are invariably due to the use of spiritual senses. The affections, mental affinity, appreciation of character, in fact, everything of importance to us comes by way of psychic apprehension; yet when it is a

matter of accepting the verdict of our spiritual senses on a message such as this, people will hesitate."

I—"They are afraid. It is a case of doubting Thomas. He couldn't believe until he put his finger in the wound."

W. W.—"But Thomas was only one. The others believed. They, using their spiritual senses, made the recognition by those means. Where one doubted, eleven believed. I shall be content if with regard to my message, the proportion is the same."

JUNE 27th.

I—"B-C says that evidence convinces no one—a person either believes or he doesn't."

W. W.—"I am more anxious than you can be that my message shall be accepted, first by my friends and, through them, by the world at large. I have endeavoured to think out and say what would appear to my friends to be convincing. If they do me the kindness to read this book, I will try to impress on them that it is my work and contains my thoughts."

(I was then shown a picture of a still lake among mountains. On the marge stood a man whose face was reflected in the water.)

W. W.—"I have given you a picture of a pool and in it the reflection of a man's face. It is symbolic of the way in which I am reflected in these pages.

"You who knew me on earth! Do not break up the reflection with your doubts!

"A reflection is a delicate thing and a stone dropped in the water will shatter it.

"Accept what you see. If you will let your doubts die away, the reflection will re-form.

"I wish I had known before coming here of our

psychic senses. I could then have prepared the way for a communication that should be convincing to all. I was, however, too much preoccupied with my ideas and ideals and was not concerned with any future except that of my country.

"Of course I knew that I could see when my eyes were shut, that beyond normal sight was mental vision, but I did not realize that the latter was the more important of the two. I had no idea that it was what I should presently be using as a means of perception.

"To think that I actually had the use of psychic senses and spiritual faculties and did not realize it! They were duller then than now. Very, very much duller. That perhaps is why I overlooked their importance. Looking back I see them as beginnings, like everything else in that life. The flesh appeared to smother them, relegate them into a twilit background. Those psychic senses and faculties might have been trained, developed. Yes, if I had understood.

"All have them. People use them unconsciously, that is they use some of them, while others lie hidden and apparently useless. It should be their pleasure to discover and use them. I think it will be presently, perhaps before very long.

"I am not suggesting that everyone should attempt mediumship; only that everyone should develop the faculties he possesses. Behind every faculty lies its spiritual equivalent, and these can be trained in much the same way as a man trains his eye or ear, or develops a latent faculty for writing or painting or public speaking. People are afraid to attempt this, which, to my mind, is an important part of educa-

tion, because insanity is said to have resulted from such attempts. They might as well say that, as the asylums are full of people who have gone mad on the subject of love or religion, mankind should avoid both. The weak-minded and hysterical we have always with us. Mental disease manifests itself in many ways and the ignorant find reasons for it to which no scientific man would agree. Let us accept the verdict of the doctor rather than that of our fellow ignoramus—the man next door!

JUNE 28th.

“The possession of a faculty, any sort and kind of a faculty, makes us responsible for its development and use. Each individual makes his decisions; it is up to him what he will do with himself. The business of the state is to make it easy for the units to acquire what they have decided they need in the way of education and opportunity. Every sort of knowledge, specimens of every variety of art, should be assembled—and the doors, spiritual, mental and material, should be left open.

“The state has taken the place in society of the primitive medicine man or priest. The children are out of the nursery and are self-governing. Life being less hard, difficult and savage than it was, they are, however, inclined to protect the weak at the expense of the strong, overlooking the fact that by so doing, instead of strengthening the weak they are increasing their helplessness and dependence. Public tenderness is frequently akin to that of the man who, giving place to a woman, steps back onto the person behind.

“Unless a man, weak or strong, gives the utmost of

which he is capable, he cannot say when he dies, 'I've done what I could.' He may not be, in any way, able; but he should develop himself as far as he can, and this applies to his psychic as well as his other faculties."

CHAPTER VI

Mr. Wilson, having tested my powers of receiving a picture, must have been satisfied, for he now began to give me others. The first had been symbolic, the others, I presume, were scenes in which he had taken part. I hope those who knew him will, if they recognize them, admit that they do.

JUNE 30th. Picture.

I "saw" a hillside. Half-way up stood a white stone erection, either statue or monument. Over against it, but leaving a space between, were trees which continued to the top of the hill. Railings enclosed the white erection and on the base was a metal oblong which was broader than high and rounded at the ends.

On it was an inscription which I could not read.

(I had received a letter from Mrs. M. D. in which she said she saw no reason why messages from well-known people should not be as valuable as those from Tom, Dick or Harry; and Mr. Wilson evidently thought they would not only be as useful but more so.)

W. W.—"The reason the majority of messages which are not merely an affirmation of affection come from people whose names are widely known, is that such people, although interested in individuals, are even more interested in the human race and its destiny.

"The man who speaks from his heart to loved ones from whom he is parted convinces them but does not convince anybody else. The world at large doubts the validity of the message. They contend that his relatives would be biased by their desire to get into touch with him. Indeed, only the person receiving the message can realize that its tenderness comes from another heart."

JULY 1st. Picture.

I was given a picture of a white house seen from the side. The wall was not uniform but I was standing up too close to be able to determine whether it was broken by a lower addition to the building or by rain-water pipes. I think the former.

The roof sloped up from the front to a ridge-pole and then down to the back wall of the house. This is a three-story house standing in open ground. Along the front is a paved walk. The door opens onto this. This path bisects well-kept sward and goes down to a group of trees or little wood. The undergrowth of this wood has been cleared away and it is pleasant among the trees. Mr. Wilson walks there. The trees stretch not only in front but on the side of this roomy house, but at a little distance. Mr. Wilson says he has lived there and that his friends will recognize it.

W. W.—"When people become aware that information concerning the life after death can be obtained, that the accounts given are reasonable and such as anybody can grasp, I feel sure that interest will be awakened.

"I have tried to answer the questions that people will want to put; but I have not said much on the

subject of religion. The reason for that is that we do not know more here—or not much more—than we did when on earth. People continue to interpret what they know in accordance with their natural bent, but in a broader way: The fact that they find themselves in conditions similar to those which they have left; the fact that their preconceived ideas about this life have proved to be mistaken, gives many of them pause. They have to admit that the evolution of every spirit may be slow, and will certainly be lengthy, that ideas of punishment, etc., must be reconsidered in the light of what has already taken place. Every one is at liberty to draw his or her conclusions; but they are unable to force them on anyone else. We have certain powers, but they cannot be used to the detriment of other people.

"This is a vast world, a world also in which opinion is not directed by the press, by preachers, by propaganda. The spirit is free with a freedom which is beyond the imagination of anyone still in bondage to the flesh. Time does not exist for us. The rate at which thought travels has not been—perhaps cannot be—estimated; but its speed has annihilated space. Having no physical needs, being incapable of physical excess, being immune from accident and disease, we are able to do as we please—devote ourselves to spiritual experiment, amusement, exercise, growth. We are able to garner knowledge, sit at the feet of wisdom, acquire it.

"As in olden days, people will cry, 'What must I do to be saved?'

"In other words they will ask what is the right way to live in order that the earth-life—the life of

beginnings—may help to prepare the spirit for what is to come.

“To answer such a question is not difficult—‘Love your neighbour as yourself’ very nearly covers the ground, but I will add a few recommendations. A man should live sincerely, whatever it may cost him so to do. He should earn his living in a way that will not hurt others. He should live as fully and as naturally as possible. He should avoid repressions, face fear and accept all that the life of the flesh commands. That, said in more spiritual language, is a recommendation to live with courage and in faith and, also, as far as possible, in peace with other men. Success may be pleasant but it is not as important as people suppose. Honour, fame, glory, are empty recognitions, for a man may be acclaimed today and execrated tomorrow. Such things are a part of the passing show and no more than that. They are a breath, a sound, in a moment gone and as soon forgotten. What is of importance—of importance, that is, to the spirit of man—is that he should carry through any enterprise on which he has embarked. Life itself is an enterprise, and when carried through sanely, that is to say with common sense, is a preparation for what is, after all, only a further stage in human development.

“The nursery prepares the child for school. School develops him a little more. Adolescent life should prepare him for the life of the spirit, the life that is to be lived more independently than that of earth, with its ties and human responsibilities. Insensibly life leads from one stage to the next; and the one before, in fact all those that have come before, are preparatory.

"You ask what happens to immature life which passes on from you to us? It is cared for and helped to develop."

JULY 2nd. Picture.

Another picture was shown to me. I saw a theatre, not a London one, for the seating was differently arranged. Instead of the fauteuils of the stalls, the seats were set more closely, consequently there were more people to the row. The curtain, which was of a hard straight substance, was down and in front of it stood a man in a black coat. He was addressing a packed audience. Behind the seats and at the back, rose something dark. It contained more people. The audience was large. Mr. Wilson says he was the man on the stage and he was delivering a speech.

He hopes these pictures he is giving will help his friends to recognize that the message is from him.

I—"But you must have delivered a great number of speeches, too many for any single one to stand out."

W. W.—"I did not deliver many in a theatre."

I—"At any rate the pains you are taking should convince your readers, but B-C says that people cannot be convinced. They either believe or they don't."

W. W.—"More minds are open to conviction than you might suppose. A number of people are afraid to allow that they are interested. By taking pains to make my message convincing I hope to reach and impress these people. I want them to say to their friends, 'You should read this book. What he says seems to me reasonable and I should like to know what you think about it.' This is the cautious man's way of saying: 'This plain statement of facts has convinced my mind. I believe it to be true.'

"The old are enemies of fresh knowledge and of hitherto unrevealed truth. Having formed their opinions they are not willing to reopen the mental debate. Their minds move in grooves that were made long ago and it is too late for them to be altered and brought up to date. They belong to the past and their minds are already dead. Of course I am speaking of the majority of cases, for certain minds retain their elasticity to the end of their earth-life but those are exceptional. With the ordinary old person growth has ceased and he consequently regards new ideas as disturbing and unnecessary.

"Behind the old, overtopping their shrivelled leafage, is the green foliage of the new generations. Their fresh minds and candid spirits consider the old problems. To them nothing is taboo—or, what the old would call, sacred. They investigate, discuss, and critically appraise. All too soon their minds will become set, will know only fixed opinions; but during their brief period of flexibility, of fluidity, they may lay hold of fresh ideas, may obtain a further glimpse of truth. It is for them that this book is written. The university students, youth at college, youth beginning life more strenuously by working while it studies, youth opening every door, bringing life into airless rooms and systems, youth laughing at authority and making its own decisions! For them, I repeat, this book is written. I would like to dedicate it to the Youth of America . . . the first edition. Later editions, perhaps, to the Youth of the World, but the first to America.

"I shall see them—the young people—reading and discussing it. I am even hoping to be aware of what

they say. If any should think of me when they are reading my message, the thought will reach me.

"Also if the thinker is attuned to psychic influences, he may become aware that his thought has reached its goal. Again I say, when an idea, a picture, a suggestion drifts into your mind do not be too certain that you originated it."

JULY 3rd.

"We give an undeveloped human soul, one that has come into existence in this world instead of on earth, in other words a still-born child, a different sort of education from that which it would have had there. On earth, the spirit is developed by means of the flesh. By fulfilling its bodily functions, the informing soul learns of life, becomes attuned to its issues, and unconsciously becomes aware of its destiny and ready for the next stage.

"If it misses that preparation, misses the teaching of procreative earth-life and is born here straight from its mother's womb, it begins humbly, learning with and among us, and developing on different lines to what it would have done if it had been born on earth. It is, as it were, a backward child with infinite possibilities. It has to catch up and it does so with zest and enjoyment. Nevertheless it has missed something.

"A man who comes here ripened by the earth-life, has the sweetness of mature fruit, and that maturity is a quality. In this quality the prematurely-born spirits are lacking. That they have compensations seems to me probable. Moreover they have not had to endure the sufferings and privations of so many of their fellows.

"That the earth-life should be one of such drastic

struggle seems to me passing strange. The reason for so much pain and misery is hard to find—that is to say, hard, if we postulate a reasoning and benevolent deity. It is in excess. It warps humanity. It sends us distorted, embittered, unhappy souls. I am driven to the conclusion that life, all animal life, though obliged to obey certain laws, is otherwise left entirely to itself. Its development has not been ordained. The lines on which it has advanced have not been laid down for it. It has had to cut its way fiercely, pertinaciously, through every sort of obstacle. In developing itself it has developed an indestructible spirit and this has evolved the life after death.

"This appears to me a rational explanation of the bit of the universe which I am able to perceive. While accepting what appears to be a rational explanation I hold it lightly for, when I attain a further stage of development, I may see good reason to revise these theories.

"To return for a moment to the still-born babes who open their eyes in a spiritual world. These having never suffered and struggled and done wrong are not so much human beings as spirits. It seems a better thing to be human than to be entirely spirit. In that future, of which we as well as you are ignorant, it may be the other way round, yet I think the human element—humanness—will always be of importance.

"There are again the children who run through the Door of Death, and look round for their mothers; and have to be taken by some kind spirit and shown those mothers weeping for them. If the mothers would only listen they would hear the children call-

ing to them. They would be comforted and it would comfort the children. These little spirits, having already known love and rage and loss, have preserved their humanness. They have also escaped the foolish schooling of earth. With them all is well.

"What the mothers lament is the passing of the little body they have made and cared for. Their arms are empty, they have suffered a physical loss. That side of their grief is one we cannot assuage. But the child is not lost to them. It has only run on before. They will join it.

"It is also developing, what you call 'growing up.' Parents should not think of their children as remaining babies. Young they will always be, for everybody in this world is young, but they are learning and growing and developing, in much the same way but rather more quickly, as they would have done, if they had stayed on earth. When you come over you must not expect a little child to run to meet you. Childhood passes and manhood comes. If you have remembered, if you have maintained the bond of love, you will find one who will be more to you than you can at present imagine."

JULY 6th.

"A man owes his education not to the books he studies, but to the happenings of every day. Do not imagine that his education ends when the earth life is over. One stage is finished, but another is about to begin.

"To us life on earth is seen in dwindling perspective. During that life a man learns by means of his contacts, by what seems to us his unmerited sufferings, and yet more by his natural affections. For many, life on earth was a sort of diluted hell. It was

full of disappointments, inhibitions, poverty, physical and mental pain. What a contrast is the life here. Newcomers often say 'Am I in heaven?' Many when they first arrive want to do nothing more than rest, revelling in their new security, in their freedom from every sort of pain.

"No more anxiety for these poor souls. No more privation, oppression, affliction. If a man were the greatest sinner of priestly imagination, he could not deserve to suffer as he does while on earth. No doubt he learns from what he undergoes but at what a price! When he reaches this world he has first to be healed of his wounds. He has to forget his sorrows, become acclimated to an existence free from anxiety.

"What a change for him! On earth he has been a slave to the flesh, here, he is—for the first time—his own master. He quickly learns that though his own he is nobody else's master. No man is his brother's keeper. He has to rely on himself, and doing so, discovers that there is nothing in his new existence that will destroy his self-confidence. Moreover, he is filled with an abounding energy. The interdependence of one human being on another which is due to the necessity to create more life has passed. Love greets the man, love surrounds him, love associates itself with him in everything he may undertake; but it no longer penalizes and enslaves him. It is the companion, or companions, of his work and play, of his full hours and his leisure. Poverty cannot come in at the door. In other words, before long, the man thinks of the life he has left as filled with shadows, the shadows of things that have been required of him, and that willingly or unwillingly he has had to do. He realizes that the shadows have

at length given place to day, that the duties have disappeared, and that only joyous action remains. In the old life, he learnt from suffering—mainly—though of course there were other factors. In the new his lessons come to him by way of his liberty, his possibilities, and his consequent happiness.”

JULY 7th.

I—“Why does not everybody who wishes to communicate with us find a channel?”

W. W.—“It is not as easy as You think. In your case there is a combination of circumstances which make it feasible for us to use You. You are able to receive our messages, and your son can check the work done. Many of the other messages we try to send, cannot be purged of the foreign elements they acquire in transit; consequently they give a false impression of our life. These messages, however, do one thing that is useful. By their frequency they help to convince people that we exist. They affect the world as a number of witnesses, all bearing similar testimony, do the hearers of a case. They may not be able to tell exactly what happened, but they are evidence that something did.

“That innumerable people receive some sort of message, that these messages are universal and fundamentally similar, should arouse more attention than it does, or perhaps I should say than it has as yet. You have examples of scientific men, of thinkers, who have devoted themselves to the investigation of psychic phenomena. These men have proved the fact and frequency of phenomena, but the subject is so large and has so many aspects and so little has as yet been discovered, collated, put together, that it has hardly as yet been possible to reason upon it. What

has been found out is too slight, too unconnected, for it to be of much use to students. The people working at this vast subject are like a few mice nibbling at an enormous cake, a cake so big that each mouse is out of sight of the others and can hardly believe that there is a connection between their several nibblings, in fact that they are biting into the same object.

"Moreover, many of the investigators, having been themselves convinced, are inclined to lay aside investigation and devote themselves to convincing others. A lifetime of work gives little satisfaction in the way of proof and only the purely scientific mind is content to make a contribution to the sum of discovered truth that is so small as to be almost invisible. It is easier to proclaim a truth than to prove it!"

"To us it seems absurd that we should have to prove the obvious, the self-evident. We feel that we have only to tell you of our existence for you to accept the statement.

"'What,' we think to ourselves, 'he doubts—he does not believe me?'

"Try to imagine the situation. We are there, we are solid, we are very much alive and we cry out to you—'Hello! Hello!' but you, almost seeing us, surely quite hearing the call, declare you didn't, that the sound and sight were not objective, that—'it was the wind in the chimney.'

"Naturally we wonder why you should be so hard to convince, so unwilling to believe. We are your friends, your relatives, your dear ones and we are doing our utmost to get into touch with you.

"You say, 'I lost my brother last year.'

"Lost? You did not 'lose' him and he is deter-

mined that in spite of yourself you shall not lose him.

"The human race by its battling with the forces of nature and the limitations of the flesh has evolved an indestructible spirit. Although it has done this magnificent piece of work, it cannot believe it. It is as if it had done something bigger than itself and that is why it is unwilling to believe. It says, 'A creature so feeble and helpless as I evolve out of my nothingness an indestructible spirit? Impossible!'

"When you use the word humanity, you mean thereby kindness and benevolence as opposed to cruelty and brutality. Human stands, in the end, for good. Narrow views of conduct, however, are never spoken of as human. On the contrary, the word implies breadth of view as well as warmth of nature, in fact 'loving tolerance.' This 'humanity' is the living principle which animates your bodies, and when they disintegrate, it remains. The excesses of the flesh, its lop-sided actions, its pitiable outlook, an outlook warped by the mistakes along the lines of development, the mistakes made because no one interfered, no one set you on the right path—these things are left behind, shuffled off when the spirit frees itself from the flesh. In this new world the spirit is able to look forward instead of back and thus very largely forget the past. Fresh opportunities present themselves, opportunities which enable the spirit to expand in the ways that are natural to it. As far as we know, however, it remains human, retaining its human affections, the desire of knowledge, the craving for wisdom. It has, after a time of trouble and uncertainty, found the sort of life of which it must

have often dreamed but which it can never have thought it would actually enjoy."

JULY 8th.

"I said yesterday that our condition deserves to be spoken of as what is hoped for but not expected, a life which may be called civilized. I am using the term civilized in the journalistic sense, for each period of history contains many nations, each variously educated, each enjoying or suffering their own peculiar civilization; and we have flattered ourselves that the latest type is the finest. It may be that, but it is not particularly admirable. It could indeed be vastly improved on . . . and we, here, are able to contrast the conditions, under which we live, favourably with what we have left. So much so indeed that we are apt to think of ourselves as civilized and the earth we have left as still in a state of barbarism.

"You have the beginnings of civilization—that I admit; but it has not gone much beyond the security of the family. National life is still liable to be destroyed by war. Nations are still fussing over their boundaries, races are unwilling to settle down together and government is a matter of politics. Improvement is very slow. A man who expresses a sincere opinion may still be punished for so doing. Openly or secretly men will slay those who differ from them. Yet because these things have always been, and because men are a trifle more reasonable, they speak of themselves as civilized.

"We have called ourselves the 'heir of the ages.' In reality we are heir to the future—to the undiscovered, to the unimaginable.

"We shall inherit this future. We have made our-

selves heir to it and I—like everybody else—am wondering, not how we have deserved to be but why we are, wondering what lies behind us and beyond, what has caused anything, anywhere to *begin*.

“I know the usual answer—*God*.

“But that is not an answer. If we accepted it as one, we should still have to ask—‘What caused *God* to begin?’

“The fact is we do not know the answer. We can see that life did begin and we know something about that beginning; but the why of it, and its ultimate course, these things we do not know.

“However, this appears certain. Once begun, once endowed with possibilities, the living being has been left to develop them as it sees fit. There has been no interference. No information is vouchsafed. We act, we think, we grow. On earth and here.

“One man comes to one conclusion; the next to another; but no light and leading are given.

“No authoritative statement has ever been made.

“Many of the conclusions as to whether man lived have had here to be revised. Broader views have taken their place. As it grows the snake sloughs the too tight skin. So with every sort of human opinion, and what is true of life on earth is also true of spiritual life.”

JULY 9th.

I—“Do you not exaggerate the unhappiness of the earth-life?”

W. W.—“At least I do not exaggerate the fortitude with which unmerited suffering is borne. Of active happiness there is during a lifetime—more particularly the lifetime of highly evolved people—very little. Periods of content, of willing, even pleasurable

able endeavour, little joys, little satisfactions, perhaps a year or two of real bliss, that is the sum on the credit side. You think I see the other side too clearly, but I am all the time contrasting my memories and acquired knowledge with life as it is lived here.

“Do you realize that the nervous ill-health which attacks dwellers in cities, people who live to themselves, which is one of the legacies of war, is unknown here? A spirit has only the spiritual equivalent of healthy nerves and with us health is constant and cannot be impaired. This actuality is a condition of spiritual life. We know nothing of the physical and mental depression due to illness, nor of that due to anxiety as to ways and means. Nor do we feel anxiety with regard to our loved ones for nothing adverse can happen to them. They cannot be run over, fall ill, lose a job. In fact worry, which broke up serenity and destroyed content, which made the people who indulged in it so unpleasant to others, has become impossible.”

JULY 10th. Picture.

A small pool in the hills. Beyond it the land rises slightly; to one side are bushes. From the pool flows a stream, descending rapidly through forest that climbs a mountain side. The stream cascades over rocks, slips between trees, falls into a narrow, rapid river, opposite a sheer, not very high cliff. The river widens, forest on the right, a small, white-walled town left . . . glimpses of river always widening. It presently divides passing round wooded islands, is turbulent on the right and a broad channel on the left. Woods right, flat farming land left. Woods cease. A broad agricultural plain on both sides.

City at river mouth on sandy flats. An impression of divided waters flowing out between sandy spits. A warm, hazy sea, sand beaches, flatness, quiet.

On the river—much further up—a narrow sailing-boat, then a canoe. A man in the canoe, paddling. A broad, double paddle.

W. W.—“In that bag of odds and ends we call a memory, no two men carry the same idea of any occurrence. Each sees it from a different angle. A memory is something no two people can share. They may say—‘Do you remember?’ But each will be thinking of something different. What impressed one will not have impressed the other. The date, time, place are the same, but the event has been looked on by two persons. Only in the broadest sense can these two share a recollection.

‘We were there together and I was fishing and you were—let me see what were you doing?’

‘Tying a new fly.’

‘Were you? I dare say. I was so occupied playing that big fish I caught in the pool above the falls that I didn’t notice much else.’

‘What big fish? I have forgotten. Of course I remember the pool but it was below the falls.’

‘Oh no, above.’

“They are remembering different pools, different incidents. In reality they shared only the fact of the expedition, the knowledge that they had been together. Such recollections even if we could get them across to you—and sometimes we try to—do not prove anything. They are seldom recognized by those who shared in the events, because each saw and recollected something different.

“Moreover, what a man remembers of his doings and what other men remember about them and about him are different. He cannot flash them the picture of himself as they saw him, for he sees quite another fellow. The impression we make on the outside world is by no means that which we imagine we are making.

‘O wad some ghaist the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us.’

“If a ghaist had such powers and we could persuade him to use them, I could give You what you would consider irrefutable evidence that I am I. As it is, I can only hope that by talking as I would have done if I had obtained my present knowledge before instead of after passing through the Door of Death, I am revealing myself to those who knew me.”

JULY 11, 1927.

“The willingness of large numbers of human beings to devote themselves while still in the flesh to a life of the spirit—I mean such people as fakirs, monks, nuns, yogis, all those who give up the life of the family for a dream—are in themselves and in their behaviour an indication that life continues. They follow a name, in each religion a different name, and it is not the name which is of importance but the fact of which it is the symbol. To live for a dream while still in the flesh may not be wise. All men do it—up to a point, therefore I should have said to live *wholly* for a dream may not be wise; but who are we to pronounce on conduct?

“It may be better policy while in the flesh to accept responsibility and the family life. By so doing we gain experience and a certain maturity of outlook.

I should put it that we deepen the quality of our humanness. On the other hand, those who feel the urge to live, before the time, a spiritual life, may claim that it fosters in them equally valuable qualities. Who is to say which is right? It is probable that both are. That there is room in our world for both—for many—types; not only the extremes of a type but the intermediates who live wholly for neither and partly for both.

“The more spiritual types are already aware of the future. They live in hope. Before very long they will go on to the existence which they dimly know to be in unison with their tastes. It cannot be that these people are wholly mistaken in their attitude towards the things of the moment; that their dream will end in night and nothingness. The sceptic may protest that their beliefs are crude and superstitious, but every reasonable man must admit that rank growths have their roots in the reality of earth and water and their heads in the sun and air. Their appearance may lead you to suppose them of more solidity than they are, but even if a bit mushy, there is something there, something which cannot be ignored.

“They are, in fact, another ‘cloud of witnesses’, which is bearing testimony to the continuation of life.

“People who maintain that death is the end of life and the grave the receptacle alike of body and spirit, seldom take these witnesses into account. They themselves do not feel that life for them will continue. They do not believe it to be possible. Neither do they think it desirable. Their personal opinion suffices them and they do not look further.

“To the man with an open mind, however, the man

who above all else wants to understand, each phenomenon has to be examined and weighed. He is not content until he has assigned to it its place in the order of things. Such a man will not say 'This is not possible,' but will examine the evidence for it. He will not rest until he has looked at it from every possible point of view.

"Neither he nor anyone else can fail to perceive that every human being has a spiritual as well as a physical side. In some the spiritual is more developed than the physical, in some less, but it is always apparent. It is not, however, always connected with phenomena.

"He has therefore two sets of facts before him. The existence of the spiritual in man and its manifestations. The existence of the spiritual outside man and its phenomena. There is a considerable body of evidence connected with each of these sets of facts, and if he examines it he will perceive they cannot be ruled out as non-existent. Once he has reached this conclusion he will at least have cleared away a lot of débris and made an open space. What he builds thereon should be the result of further investigation, of cautious enquiry; but if he would build soundly, he must reject all preconceived opinions and authoritative statements. He must go to the quarry for his stones, not accept any composites which his neighbours may have blocked out."

JULY 12th.

"A man should not allow himself to be deterred by the unbelief of the multitude from investigating for himself.

"I would urge on everybody that for their own sakes and for the sake of the world in general, they

should refuse to accept the statements of others either in affirmation or denial, but should investigate for themselves. Until you can prove a statement do not accept it.

"An ounce of phenomena is worth a pound of argument. Once a man has found by experiment that things he cannot explain actually happen, he will not deny the possibility that more of these unexplainable things may be going on, more than he can at his then stage of development, discern. He will allow that he may have tapped a spring which may be flowing from a vast reservoir deep in the bosom of the hills, deep in the bosom of Mother Nature.

"He has proved the existence of something outside his comprehensible life, a mysterious something which he is far from understanding. Once he allows that he has had some kind of psychic experience he will find that nearly everyone he meets has had, not the same, but similar experiences. They, too, have pierced, if only for a moment, beyond the everyday. A vista has opened and though they may not understand what they have seen they will admit there was something. . . .

"By admitting that they have reached and passed a point of departure. They may continue to advance or they may decide to wait for further development until they reach the further side. Either decision is reasonable. They have admitted that there is something to know, to learn, that there are possibilities. It is for them to choose what they will do."

JULY 13th.

"I have told you that the majority of us look forward instead of back; that we are more interested in the happy present that may lead to yet more interest-

ing results and greater happiness than in the past. In that we are like yourselves. Do you sit and look back to nursery days when life is calling to you? Do you think more of your time in school than of the woman you are going to marry, or the business you have embarked on? A man who did so would be regarded as lacking in common sense, even in ordinary feeling. Even as you are too much occupied, too much interested in your lives to waste your moments looking back, so are we. Many spirits do not try to communicate with their friends and relatives, because their lives absorb their whole attention. Yet others because they have observed what happens when spirits try to get into touch with the people they have left behind. You know how their efforts are generally received! With doubt, even with incredulity, and this is disconcerting. It is in fact so discouraging that many feel they would prefer not to expose themselves to such a reception. No, they would rather wait until their friends come over, until they are able to look about them and, recognizing those they care for, cry—"Then—it is true?"

"Many of the people who believe in continued life are, however, unable to conceive of it as other than a sort of appendage to the earth life. They cannot imagine that anything can be of more importance than the existence of which they know. They feel certain that we must still be interested in their doings, their affairs, their welfare. They are not able to realize that we can be absorbed in our deeply interesting and significant lives. They cannot grasp the fact that those lives are more interesting, more significant than those which we led on earth, than those which they are still leading. They regard our

world as dim to darkness, and as inhabited by indefinite, floating forms—forms created out of mist and blown hither and thither by the winds. Not for a moment do they see us as we are, vital and individual, people so strong, so pulsing with energy that *they* are the real shadows, and their concerns as the doings—the occupations—of children. They have, in fact remarkably little imagination and set a wholly fictitious value on what concerns them.

"Having shed the physical side of our nature, we are no longer interested in matters connected therewith. We cannot tell whether you will be successful in the careers you have chosen, whether you will amass property, obtain worldly rewards—and we do not care. You must not expect us to feel an interest in that side of your lives.

"We remember that you need to eat, that therefore you have to labour at tasks which are often uncongenial, and we regret the necessity, but we cannot help you. We are thankful that we have no longer any material possessions; we pity those who have. You will not long, however, be burdened with them. A few more years and land, money, houses, all that you have industriously accumulated will pass into other hands, form mounds of clutter in other lives. You will then learn what it is to be freed from the dragging necessity to earn.

"We resemble you in that we place our own occupations and interests before those of other people. After all we are not so very different from you!"

"If you cling to the old idea of us as glorified spirits you will find this difficult to believe."

JULY 16th.

"The most vital among you cannot be compared

with the least vital of us and it is our superabundant energy which gives us our keener interest in life and which makes everything we undertake a sheer delight.

"Public opinion plays a significant part in your life but none in ours, for here it does not exist.

"You regard it as serving a useful purpose. You forget that it creates fear, fear of the next man, fear of the person who would not understand and who, not understanding, would blame. The effect of fear on the individual is that he puts up a bluff behind which he acts as is natural to him—your public opinion has not made a good man of him but a hypocrite. He lives as he wishes to but he is careful you should not know that he does. He is afraid and ramifications of this fear are everywhere apparent. For instance what is conscience but fear, fear of a bogey man has erected and which he terms—God?

"God to most men is a scarecrow, a thing of rags and tatters to which a terrifying aspect has been hopefully imparted. You mustn't do this and you mustn't do that. Why? Because it is wrong. Who said so? God.

"That is to say the idea that a certain action or course of procedure is wrong, *i.e.* forbidden, has been accepted by the general public because at one time this idea was useful, either it helped man to survive, or kept order in the community. In other words it had its uses. Very often, too, it aided the spiritual development of the ego—at first.

"Many of these ideas as to right conduct have persisted in spite of the fact that they are no longer of any use. Humanity does not easily discard any idea it has once accepted. Instead of scrapping disproved

theories and outworn ideas it adds them to the sum of values, adds and adds until burthened humanity is bent double under the load it is thus made to carry.

"The birds are wiser. They know a scarecrow for the dead thing it is. They will perch on it, even nest in its empty head. You cannot carry a gun without their recognizing it as deadly, but they have no fear of rags and tatters.

"The war freed mankind from some of the dead weight they carried. People finding themselves unable to carry so much clutter, jettisoned what they could. Young folks grew up unrepressed by the heavy hand of tradition—in many cases exemplified by fathers at the war—and were able to act according to the promptings of instinct, and impulse.

"This new spirit the old did their best to repress—the old of each generation being those most terrified of anything new. They were anxious to maintain their position in the van. They were aware that the flowing tide must before long sweep them away. They were trying to stave off this debacle as long as possible.

"If they knew, if they were certain that they would not be swept into nothingness, but would go forward, leading the way from their world to the next, their spirits would not be troubled by the gay young doings of those who have followed them into existence. They would not seek to repress them, 'keep them in their place.' They would not look askance at new ideas and greater freedom of self-expression. Knowing themselves safe-guarded, they might dare to be kind, might try to understand.

"The more civilized the community the greater the freedom of the normal individual."

JULY 17th.

"If some of my statements appear to the reader a little vague, if my ideas are not always very clear, if I am sometimes even a little difficult to follow, it is because I have to be careful when directing thought through a physical mind (medium) not to send it in its full strength. Thought—a thought-ray—when directed on one of your minds could devitalize it to a harmful extent. These thought-rays are analogous to lightning and whereas a gentle dose of electricity stimulates, a flash of lightning can kill. In dealing with people whose vibrations are slower—very much slower—than ours, we have to use discretion. The old story of Zeus destroying the woman to whom he revealed himself in his full glory, might, if we were not careful, be given a modern setting.

"We know, better than you, what psychic qualities underlie your physical presentment. Those qualities are turned towards our world and are therefore easily recognizable by us. When, therefore, a person on your side evinces a desire to communicate with us, we give him pointers as to the course it would be best for him to pursue. In case the first suggestion should not have reached him we give others. We want to keep him safe from harm; we want him to make the best use of his gifts; we give him no excuse for neglecting our warning. If he ignores it he may bring trouble on himself and not only on himself for, if he makes a mess of things, he will alarm others. The timid, the unreasoning, the ignorant will see in his failure good reason for discouraging enquiry. Fortunately for the earth, the matter has gone too far for the state to legislate against investigation and the study of phenomena. It can no longer relegate

attempted communication to the place of forbidden things as it did with witchcraft, as it still does with fortune-telling. It may look askance at manifestations of clairvoyance, clairaudience and so on, but it would put an end to them by derision rather than by passing laws for their suppression.

“Creeds which look for their inspiration to the past will regard with hostility any evidence of survival which tends to simplify belief. Each of these creeds has come into existence because man felt the need to simplify; but the motive which inspired them has long ago shrunk into nothingness. They are now in need of revivifying and will resist it as long as they can for they have the will to die.

“Old trees must give place to fresh growths. Vessels too small to contain the truth must be shattered, garments the soul has outgrown must fall away. Realization must come if only for a moment, that we are at the beginning not at the end of knowledge, that we hope for further knowledge and must be free to seek it—and that that alone is wisdom.”

CHAPTER VII

The pictures I had been given were gradually becoming intimate and personal. Many of those that follow can only be recognized by relatives and close friends of Mr. Wilson. One of them I found very puzzling *i.e.* that given me on July 29th. I realized that in the place I 'saw' something was being produced, but I do not know what. There was an air of busyness about the room with the two doors and the little machines. It was not furnished comfortably, but in a workmanlike fashion, and there was a sense of movement, of people coming and going. The light in the passage which led into the concrete yard with the red brick pillars and rails was very bright.

The scenes in the snow were even more elaborate. The three faces—Mr. Wilson's and those of his two friends were shown me close together, wearing skin hoods to protect them from the weather, simply the three faces. The expedition must have remained clearly in his memory as he was able to give me so many details. I think it took place when he was a young man.

At the end of the book he gave me a surprise. I had not known we were finishing and I was watching him, in the room with the blue carpet and feeling greatly interested in the details of his life, when he raised his glass to me. Hitherto although I had been shown a number of things I had not been aware that

the pictures were, as you might say, animate. I had not realized that the figure moving in them knew I was there, looking on from the dark of this world. When he raised his glass, he looked deliberately across at me and said "The end of the day. The end of the book" and drank to its success. It gave me a queer thrill to meet his glance.

JULY 18th. Picture.

Trees in a hedge above a rough water-worn cart-track, in which the loose stones are showing. At right angles another hedge. The cart track passes into and down a field. In this field is a flock of sheep, and with them two dogs and a man. The man wears brown rough-leather leggings of which the top button is unfastened. Also coat with big pockets, baggy breeches, and, under the coat a broad band of leather going diagonally across his chest. He has just driven the sheep into the lower field and the larger dog is grey, long-haired with a lot of white, particularly about the chest. The smaller dog is black and tan. The meadow is high on a hillside. Below can be seen a thread of shining river, houses on a flat. In the distance, a big, rounded, cloud-capped mountains.

I—"Mountain scenery appears to have an attraction for you."

W. W.—"Mountain scenery impresses me more than ocean wastes, or sandy deserts. A storm in the mountains is a terrific manifestation of the power of nature, of a force that no prayer, no effort on the part of man can arrest, a force that is impersonal, terrifying, non-human.

"But Nature only terrifies mankind for the moment. We stand back aghast at the destruction; but almost immediately we are hopefully at work

again, clearing up. Something deep in us, something that underlies our human fears, is unmoved.

"It comes to this—man recognizes primal laws which he cannot at present control, but which to a certain extent he can use. He intends to make further use of them. He believes that he will find out about them before he has finished. His urge is towards the adventure of discovery. He covers the dead, forgets the past and nothing has discouraged him or ever will.

"Up till now the spirit of violence has been stronger than the desire to experiment scientifically. Our pioneers are still squabbling over their custom dues, and as to which bit of land belongs to which race, and which race to which government, in fact over their so-called rights. When by emigration, inter-marriage and the dissemination of knowledge, common sense has adjusted these matters and neighbourliness in the broad as well as the local sense has taken the place of savagery, freed from the menace of sudden death, either legalized by the state or due to excess of human zeal, man will be able to fix his attention on the laws which at present he so little understands and wrest from them their secrets. In those days he will yoke the sun to his plough and seed his field with the stars. When he learns to gauge the wind he will harness it to his waggon. He will ride the tempest for his physical purposes.

"It may eventually become a case of 'where every prospect pleases' and man may in time become 'monarch of all he surveys.' He is far from that at present but his latest discoveries have been encouraging. They have been of a nature that must help to unite in understanding the peoples of the earth. It

might have been thought that understanding would have resulted from spiritual growth, but spiritual growth seems to have been stimulated by physical discovery.

"Man has been waiting for the possibility of peaceful understanding of his fellows. He, the ordinary, everyday person, is ready to welcome it.

"The laws of matter do not govern our lives. Nevertheless we are beset with and striving to overcome difficulties consequent on our condition, our state of being. We are interested in making our discoveries, even as you are intent on wireless and aeroplanes, on light and heat, on transit, on the transmission of thoughts and messages.

"Think of us as occupied with the spiritual equivalent of your interests. Think of us as so intent, so happily busy, that it is difficult for many of us to remember that your world—so much less important to us than our own—still whirls on its path around the sun."

JULY 19th.

"Why do people look at the stars in awe and reverence? They are tiny scintillations which any street running out of Broadway can beat for light. They are set hap-hazard in a dark sky and if there is no moon are hardly visible. Yet from that period when man began to reckon time they have been sung by poets, apostrophized by priests and lovers, exalted as things of beauty. Why? It is certainly not for their appearance.

"Long before man knew that they were distant worlds, before he had gathered any astronomical knowledge, he suspected the stars, not of being what

they were, but of being different from what they appeared to be. The first step towards knowledge was an intuitive assumption, an impression. The truth was beyond his uncultured grasp, and yet he was not wholly ignorant.

"The mass of the people possesses this dim instinctive beginning of knowledge, this impression of the existence of a something that is beyond their power to understand. They possess it about things other than the stars.

"They may not know how *we* live. They may suppose us to be winged beings with trailing robes and eerie powers of materialization; but they are not entirely oblivious of us.

"And this universal consciousness, this sense of a something looming through mists, is further evidence of our objective existence."

JULY 20th.

"I am about to make an assertion which will be strenuously denied. A large part of the phenomena observed by investigators is the result of the psychic gifts, qualities, senses, of peoples still in your world and is only remotely connected with us. Poltergeist phenomena is a case in point.

"The connection with us is that these manifestations point to the existence of spiritual forces. But these forces may or may not be endowed with conscious life.

"Spiritual forces, objective yet not endowed with conscious life, exist. They can be attracted by the spiritual side of human beings, can be used by them or at any rate, set in motion. The difficulty, in the present state of our knowledge, is to control them.

Hence the motiveless movements of material objects, the noises, etc. These effects are produced by persons who are probably unaware that they have set unseen machinery in motion. Why they should be able to do this is at present unknown, but we have the facts and shall presently, by studying them, arrive at their meaning.

“I have said before that the field of investigation is very large. Not only have you to consider the spiritual faculties of human beings, but these forces of which as yet we only know that they exist. Beyond that lies the life that is consequent upon physical death. Men say there is little of the globe left to explore. When they wake to the possibilities of spiritual exploration they will realize that there is more to be discovered than there was when discovery meant the finding of new countries to colonize.

“The spiritual side of human beings is indeed more complicated than is supposed. It is in touch with the spiritual forces of the universe, forces which we are investigating but of which you are only dimly aware.

“It requires a developed imagination to realize the vastness and complexity of the undiscovered. In the past people would have spoken of it as the ‘undiscoverable.’ They would have maintained that investigation was forbidden. Truths suitable for us to know would be revealed when the time was ripe, revealed by the god these people postulated. In reality they were afraid lest fresh facts might, by upsetting preconceived ideas, draw away those who worshipped at the old shrines.”

JULY 22nd.

"If this life were all what would become of the painfully garnered experience of the old? Can any reasoning person believe that the cultured wisdom, the power that has come into existence through continuous endeavour, the hardening and strengthening of the spirit, can be extinguished like the flame of a candle, leaving behind only a burnt wick . . . that *a* thing can become *no* thing?

"Science says 'no' to that.

"Not science only but history. Also the mind of man.

"Born through the pain of another, suffering during three-score years and ten, going down into darkness—who would maintain that that is the whole of life?

"The human spirit is a tool sharpened and tempered by its manifold experiences. Its sheath may rot and crumble, but not the tool. This can only be properly used when the sheath has been thrown away. All a man mentally acquires, every adventure of his spirit, is a sharpening of the tool which shall be his standby in the life to come—and the sharper the tool, the greater the power.

"If it were generally known that suffering, learning, experiencing (whether in failure or success) all the bitter-sweet of the years, encrusts the handle with jewels, and tempers, sharpens, and fits the tool to the hand of the user—if this were known, if it were honestly accepted and believed, how earnestly, and with what good cheer, men would toil at their chosen pursuits. Life would then have meaning for them. Its disappointments would no longer embitter, its sorrows could not permanently darken the horizon.

"Let me say it again, let me say it with all the gravity and weight I can command—*life would have meaning.*

"Life on earth is not a loose fragment with neither beginning nor end, a grain of sand driven by any wind, but part of a consistent whole. It is not the sport of natural forces, tossed to and fro, and ending where it began. It is a thing in itself. Conscious or unconscious it develops, suffering the hardships of its physical life, but always moving steadily on until on one auspicious day it crosses the barrier into a condition where hardship no longer exists, where the eagerness with which all are welcomed never abates, where the timid and fearful find themselves at home.

"'We did not think it would be like this,' they say; and 'what a relief to be done with all our troubles.' Old friends greet them and they would be entirely content if it were not that generally there is someone still on earth whom they love. 'When Tom comes over I shall have everything I want,' says Tom's mother, or sweetheart.

"Illness, temptation to excess, weariness, unsatisfied cravings and sheer necessity! In the twinkling of an eye these desperate troubles of the flesh have vanished. The spirit hardly dare believe in his good fortune. Can it be that these things are gone for ever? Will he or she never again feel hungry, be conscious of bitter weather, be worried by the lack of money, the need to earn it?

"Is it any wonder that at first the emancipated spirit can think of little but its good fortune, can do nothing but test and try it?

"For all it knows it may be living in a dream from

which it may presently be aroused, that it may awaken to find itself back in the old troubles. At first it hardly dare believe that the new life will be permanent."

JULY 24th.

"The more highly developed the spirit, the less is he inclined to dogmatize. Let people compare the various messages they receive from us and they will discover that we, being different one from another—as different as you are—view the little we know from various standpoints. If our messages were the same, you would do well to doubt their veracity, knowing as you do that no two minds can see a thing from the same angle. It is like reading aloud. The printed word is the same for all, but each reader gives the sentence a different interpretation.

"For instance: 'Ella was a good woman,' can be rendered in several ways, each giving the simple words a different meaning. '*Ella* was a good woman. *Ella was* a good woman. *Ella was a* good woman. *Ella was a good woman.*'

"Not only are our messages different as coming from individuals with different points of view; but you interpret differently what you receive. You interpret it in accordance with your wishes or your previous beliefs, you read a meaning into it which it did not possess, you read part through a magnifying glass and gloss over the remainder.

"The ability to perceive a fact, to see it without addition or subtraction, without embroidery or the addition of colouring matter, is given to few. Therefore I beg you to be careful. Weigh what you receive, look at it in the light of common sense, discard

remorselessly what would appear to be sentimental, prejudiced, or based on preconceived opinion.

"I made the above remarks because I wish to put forward for further consideration, a theory to which I called your attention some time ago—the god-theory.

"The gods of the past have been conceived of as easily angered vindictive tribal spirits, possessing more power than a man but otherwise in his image. As man develops, his concept of a deity does the same. It may be,—and I am safeguarding myself by using that tense,—that mankind, individually conscious is unconsciously part of a greater consciousness to which may be applied the term God. When man was less developed, the greater consciousness was in the same condition. God, as postulated by early peoples was callous, cruel, unjust, addicted to favoritism, etc. Man, developing, may at the same time, be developing that greater consciousness, which is the sum of individual consciousnesses. On the other hand it may be due to the collective consciousness that the spiritual nature of man is being developed. I am inclined to think,—but it is only a personal opinion, that life was caused by the action of unconscious forces, that it gradually attained to consciousness and that the sum of its individual consciousnesses is the ruling power of the universe.

"The cells of the body are an example of what I mean. Each of these has its individual life but is governed by the greater life of which it is a part. The difference is that whereas the life which governs the body is conscious, the cells have not yet reached that stage of development. In the body spiritual,

however, the cells or individuals have attained consciousness, while it is uncertain whether the god whose existence we assume has reached that stage."

JULY 25th. Picture.

A room with two windows. One at the end looking over a grass lawn and sloping country. The other looking over lawn to trees. Table (large) in the middle. Bureau against wall between second window and fireplace. The bureau is old and on four short turned Jacobean legs. It has three long drawers. In the bottom drawer, right hand corner, lies a packet of papers, tied together. The top one is thick, blue, a legal document. Behind and tied with it, I can see the cream-coloured edge of another paper. I am impressed that the top one is a will, but do not feel sure. Many books in the room, view of distant hills from the end window.

JULY 26th. Picture.

Standing at the end window of that room, looking out. The windows are sashed—partly open. The house is not new and in particular the wood-work of the window-frame is rather light and would rattle in the wind. Mr. Wilson loved the view from the end window—immediate slopes and further hills. He often stood on the left side of the window, looking out and thinking. When he worked he sat at the big table in the middle of the room, sat facing the other window. He liked when he lifted his head to see something green and beyond that window were trees.

The bureau was for papers. He did not sit at it, but he prized it because it had belonged to his family. I think—to his mother, but am not sure.

Beyond his room was another, a very light room.

Perhaps a door through from one to the other. Two windows together; writing tables littered with papers standing beneath them. Further back in the room, comfortable chairs. These two rooms take up a whole wall, I think the back wall of the house.

W. W.—“I broke off to give you some pictures which my friends should be able to recognize.

“To continue: ‘Communion with God’ may mean either of two things. It may be a state of oneness with the universe, or of actual communion with spirits who have passed the Door, wise and powerful spirits who, having experienced suffering and the thousand ills of the flesh, can sympathize with those still in the toils. ‘Seek and ye shall find,’ is good advice. You may not find that for which you are looking, but ‘nature abhors a vacuum,’ and wherever you look there will be something.

“If it is difficult for us to realize our potentialities how much more difficult must it be for you, to whom we are only being slowly revealed. Because, however, of the longings of humanity for a something beyond themselves, spirits may be found who are willing to hearken to the outpourings of the unhappy, the wretched, and comfort them with a sense of nearness and protection. We are a vast multitude. We are endowed with many, and various powers, and, I believe, we are uniformly beneficent. What more likely then, that, here and there, we should be able to give spiritual help, to sustain the fainting spirits of earth with our strength.

“It is open to doubt whether man can find in the natural forces a personal God. He may attune his spirit to what is—but can he do more than that? Though his achievement is mighty, he, individually,

is slight, faulty, feeble, the coral insect in his tiny cell. He reaches us, does he reach past us?"

JULY 27th. Pictures.

I

A green door in a white wall; the wall is continued over the top of the door, which opens inward. A thick old country wall. A path goes up to it, between grass, and the grass is long and rough. I have an impression the white house I have already seen is beyond the wall, also, but near the wall, rose-bushes.

II

An immense grey breast of hill, close to clouds, barren, stony. A man climbing obliquely, followed by two men. The two first carry long sticks, the middle man has a sort of pack on his back, the third man has a dog.

W. W.—"The man who accompanies me, or rather one of them, for the other is dead, will recognize this description."

III. A Series.

I. Snow falling. It lies thickly over the country. A snowed-under lake, of which a space has been cleared. A hut by the cleared ice. Dogs, Indian men. One Indian has a squaw with him, and she has a papoose. At a distance black pointed fir trees, a forest, mountains behind hut in the distance. Fur coat with hood. Hood lined with fur. Ice chopped at gravelly edge—yellow gravel. A rifle, a spread-

out bearskin, dark, a grey wolfskin. Three faces close together, the faces surrounded by a dark edge. The three friends who went on the expedition.

II. White men wearing dressed skin garments over their other clothes, a suggestion of fringe. I see the three drinking from steaming cups, by a fire at twilight, sheltered by low bushy shrubs, or stunted trees. They have left the hut. They roll up in robes of skin and sleep by the fire. It dies down, a wolf howls afar off, and it is very cold.

III. Dawn. Everyone moves about, preparing to start. They break camp, go towards the mountain.

IV. Cave in the mountain—round dark hole. A den, litter of bones at entrance, offensive smell. Far back in the dark, a green glitter of eyes. A rifle. A wolf is killed, skinned, fed to the dogs.

JULY 27. Another series of pictures.

I. A red-bricked house of happy memories, a gracious and sunny place. On the front has been built a pillared porch, an addition of later date. The little boy was told it was added in order to shelter visitors from the rain while they were waiting to be admitted. On the left side of the house, creepers, a yellow rose. A drive up from the gate, past the house and round to the side where are stables masked with greenery. On the grass in front is a high flower-bed, sloping up. Beyond the gate is a shady road. Across the road a large field. On one side of this field is a hedge-row of trees. You look across the waving growth of the field to them. The further country is gently undulating. This house is an earlier memory than the white one.

II. A youngish lady in a white gown, with dark brown hair worn in smooth plaits round her smooth

head. She is with a little boy in blue velvet with wide collar. He holds her hand, and jumps up and down, chattering to her. Very eager, very happy.

III. A cool shadowy room with dark polished floor—ground-floor of the house. Two windows. The larger one has a raised step to it. Before that window stands a table. On it is a beaupot of flowers or a plant. The other, a narrow French window, leads into the garden. The old bureau is in this room. A big fireplace of shining steel. During the summer this fireplace overflows with cut white paper decoration; in winter it has big roaring fires.

IV. A pleasant garden stretches behind the house. Seats round a big tree, tall flowers edging a path by the wall. The lady and little boy, the latter now in brown, walk down the gravel path. The lady sits on the wooden seat that is built round the tree. Before her on a garden table is her workbox, open and overflowing. She sews. The boy has a wooden horse and child's coloured bricks. He rides the horse and a little fluffy dog runs round barking. The turf is worn where he plays under the spreading boughs of the big tree. A book with large letters—A for ape, B for bull. The lady teaches the child his letters, then releases him to play with the horse and bricks. Sunshine and peace.

Three shadowy, still pale forms—perhaps other children who have died.

V. A black woman, stout, wearing white with a check apron and a check head-kerchief, fetches the little boy and he goes to sleep in a room where white dimity curtains are blowing in the breeze from an open window. The floor of this room is also dark and polished. Left of the window is a washstand, then

a fireplace with high fender, a chair. Where the wall has turned at a right angle stands a wardrobe. A door leads into another room, a gay, sunny room. The wooden horse and scattered bricks are on the floor of this room, beyond the worn grey-blue rug that is in front of the fireplace. The table has a red cover with a pattern. Opposite the fireplace the door leads onto a landing and stairs. The nursery is on the first floor. Stairs go up from this landing and also down. At the foot of the stairs is a mat which gives the little boy great pleasure. It is a curly yellow-brown mat and his feet sink into it.

VI. The room, the door of which is nearly opposite the foot of the stairs, is his father's study. It is a rather chilly room. A bookcase stands behind the door. In the centre is a largish table at which his father sits; and opposite the door is a window. The fireplace is between. People who come to see his father are shown into this room. The little boy goes there to say 'Good-night,' to his father.

JULY 29th. Picture.

A brightly lighted passage opens onto a concrete yard. The concrete ends at a wall, which wall is of curious construction, the piers and lower part being of red brick with rails between. The piers round to each other, rails rising from the segments, an iron bar linking the rails to the piers. Beyond the railings are dimly seen clumps of shrubbery. It is night. Beyond these dark low masses are high houses which are dark against a lighter sky. These houses are either at a right or rounded angle, but it is not light enough to see which.

I have seen this picture before in a dream. The passage, the wall, the shrubbery and houses.

Now fresh pictures are added. The brightly lighted passage is part of a low building. A door in the passage leads into a room which is bare of comfort and used for some kind of work. Men move about with an air of pre-occupation, often they carry something small. I have glimpses of japanned iron, narrow, supporting. To the left of the door is a large barred window, beyond this a case to the ceiling which contains pamphlets, unbound or paper-covered books. Beyond this is another door which leads into a short passage, ending in a door from which trees are visible. I think the door out of this room into the passage is of baize, and there is a suggestion of more baize. The japanned iron strips support some sort of machinery. It might be that these machines either make or print something. To the right of the further door is a glassed in compartment (mahogany), containing a desk, high stool, ink-well. A very young man sits on the stool, facing towards the book-case. He is therefore in a position to see anyone who enters. On the side he faces the glass is clear, on the others muffed. He has a ledger on the desk and, in a fine handwriting, makes figure entries. He is fair.

II

A street of high buildings and a man passing along the footpath. Opposite side of the road is a high brick wall. It is protected with crossed iron spikes on top, like this X. Beyond the wall, trees green-sward, a pool, at the end of the pool, rocks and undulating park scenery. The man walks along, turns left down the nearest cross-street. At the end of this is a pillared building of white stone, with rounded

front. He enters this on the left and is in a stone-paved hall, which is high, decorated. There are many other men in black coats standing about, talking in little groups, or walking along with an air of business intentness.

III

A street car running along a wide curving street between fine houses. The street curves left, right, then turns definitely left and the car stops in the open space before a large grey building. Steps to a portico which has thick and tall pillars. A man comes from the car, enters a gate to the right of the building, walks along a path to a door far down the side, enters, goes upstairs into a room and thence to the platform. The arena is full of seats, tiers rise in a curve at the back. This building is either a copy of a well-known French building or the scene takes place in France.

JULY 30th.

“To continue from where I broke off to give you these pictures:

“My tentative musings will not convince people that the theory I put forward is the only satisfactory one, or even the most satisfactory. Nor do I want it to. I am suggesting a solution of the riddle of life, the solution which seems to me the most reasonable. Against my theory you have the convictions—all different—of every kind and colour of man. What are the convictions of anybody worth? None are based on established fact. We have not enough information to come to a worth while conclusion. We are all guessing.

"The beliefs of man vary according to his culture, his race, and the circumstances of his life. He makes a hypothesis and sometimes he lives by it, but more frequently he merely puts it up in front of him like a wall decoration, and continues to live in the way most natural to him.

"His many, various and contradictory opinions cannot be considered of much importance. They are each of them a sort of personal satisfaction. Nor do they do much harm unless he take them hot-headedly and on their account fall foul of his brother man. They have also been known to make a person harsh and pharasaical in his judgments and anxious to make others accept his beliefs as final truth. With regard to the last, not the believer in a creed so much as the priests of that particular faith, are to blame. If men could be left to themselves, left to believe as they wish there would not be much trouble. Moreover, the man would then be able to select the creed best suited to his type of mind, instead of being expected to accept that of his ancestors.

"What he believed would be the gleam by which he would find his way through the bewilderments of physical life, and if the little candle were extinguished in the dawn, that would seem to him only to be expected. Having no authority on which to rely he would be humbly content that this should happen. When the day broke he would forget in its effulgence what he once thought, what were his guesses. Finding this world different from his expectations, he would jettison his mistaken ideas and opinions. Already that is what the majority do. There will, I suppose, always be people who cling pathetically to the outworn and shut their eyes to daylight;

but those people are not as numerous as in your world; here also they are not as numerous as they were.

"It is a sign of progress that lately the people coming over here have shown a greater willingness to accept what they find awaiting them. If they question it is not because they are in doubt but because they wish to know. Their attitude has changed. Not so very long ago the arriving spirits were filled with dismay, they were bewildered and afraid. Everything was different from what they had expected to find and they could not reconcile themselves at first to so surprising a state of affairs. Their beliefs had been held with too great security; they had had no suspicion while on earth that there could be any doubt as to their departing for heaven or hell. Consequently they awoke here certain they were in one or the other. Or rather everyone expected and could adduce good reasons for it, to be in heaven. They had arrived armed with excuses, with pleas, they were convinced that the mercy of God would be extended to them, for after all they had done the best they could. They opened their eyes on a world that was neither heaven nor hell, which knew nothing of such places, a life which only asked of them that they should be happy and go on with the pleasant business of existence. To those amazed folk it seemed impossible that they were not dreaming. They were unable at first to believe that what they found was reality. They passed through a period of uncertainty, had to grow a little before they could adapt themselves to the conditions here.

"Of late the attitude of arrivals has been one of expectation. They have heard that many opinions

as to this life are afloat, therefore in a sense they are prepared for what they find. It certainly transcends their hopes, but they are able to accept its surprises with courage. They may say, 'Why, how strange!' but quickly comes a 'That you, Mother? How good to see you again and you'll help me get used to this place.'

"Their friends and relatives talk to them and gradually they settle down. 'What's this place? Where are we?' changes to 'Not a bit what I expected but—it seems all right.' "

JULY 31st. Picture.

Tall white houses on the edge of a sunny street. People walking along. A man enters the main building. Within is a stone-paved wide hall. He crosses to the left, walks up a stair that bends to the right. He enters a room on the first floor. This is an austere, rather barely furnished anteroom. On the right an old-fashioned grate. Over the mantel-shelf a mirror. Opposite the fireplace, a high glazed piece of furniture. A table, chairs. The room is brown and the window is at the end. This latter is broad with many oblong panes. The view contains trees and is of garden or park land sloping towards other houses, and to the right of them but at some distance is a railway line and distance. Between the window and fireplace is a door leading into a larger room. This has two curving windows, broader than high, with the same outlook. A very pleasant room. Opposite to the windows are bookshelves to within two feet of the ceiling. The colour of the room is blue in several shades, the carpet being a dark blue with a design at each corner. The fireplace backs onto that of the anteroom. Occasional tables stand about,

on them are books and papers. It is a sitting-room or library. A door faces the window nearest the fireplace. On the hearth is a large curly white rug (skin). In the fireplace are steel dogs, and logs are burned in the basket grate, but the room does not depend for its heating on this fire. Flowers are to be seen. The place has an air of comfort but not of luxury.

A largish round table, inlaid with darker wood and brightly veneered or polished. It stands on a single leg which is six-sided and spreads on the ground to clawed feet.

II. Same room

Mr. Wilson sits in a small not too deeply cushioned arm-chair and reads. He has a white ivory paper-knife to cut the pages. A small table with a shaded light stands by his chair. A young girl comes in through the ante-room. She is from fourteen to sixteen. She sits on the curly rug. He closes his book over the paper-knife and smiles at her, and listens to her chatter. He is happy to have her there. The day has been filled with work, now it is evening and he is to have quiet and to relax in the young girl's society.

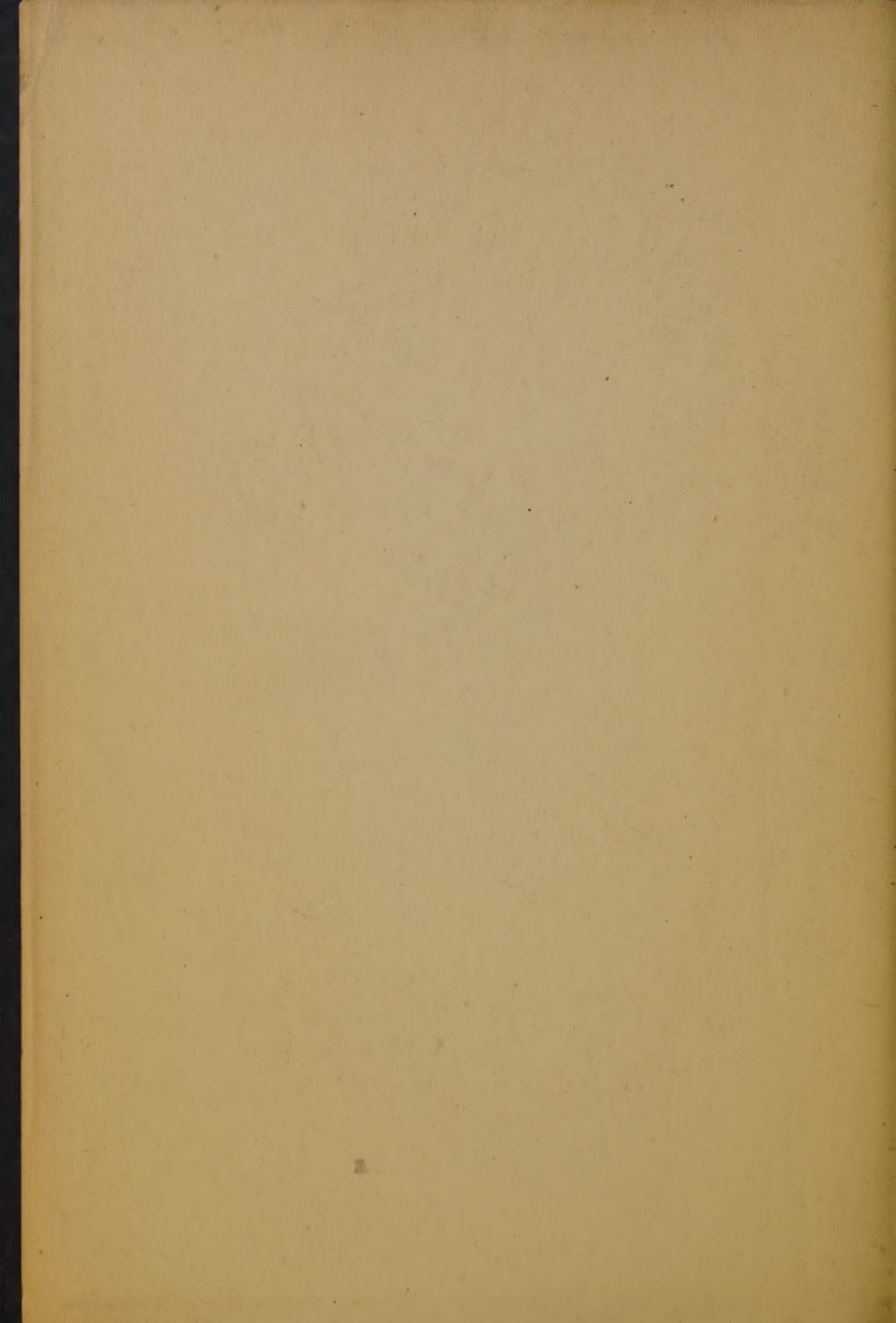
III

Same room. Later in the evening.

A man enters by the door opposite the window with glasses on a tray. The man wears a coloured waistcoat—I should say striped black and yellow. He sets the tray on the table, puts wood on the fire,

straightens papers, chairs etc., and goes out. The girl is no longer there, but a large slender dog is lying on the hearthrug. Mr. Wilson fills a glass, takes a biscuit. With the glass in one hand, he suddenly looks across at me, lifts the glass to me and smiles.

"The end of the day," he says, "the end of the book."



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